

PS

1799

.H4

The Passover.







THE  
PASSOVER.

---

A POEM.

---



BY J. F. HARNEY.

PS 1799

.H4

---

Copyright secured by deposit with  
LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.

---

# THE ARGUMENT.

In June, 1881, a brilliant comet appeared in the northeast part of the heavens, and the poem opens with a description of the surroundings, and some suggestions of the emotions, wonders and desires, always aroused by such phenomena.

The telescope and spectrum are introduced as aids invented by intellect to overcome the loss of some power or quality which it once possessed and had lost, or the development of an inherent ability in its constitution.

The speech of Dion is directed to the probability that what man has lost in intellectual power and moral purity by his fall and the knowledge of evil, is in a measure compensated by the yet higher development that springs from overcoming evil, and from the energy aroused in our moral nature in asserting its superiority.

The speech of Shiraz is an assertion of what probably would have been the tendency and powers of the human mind had it never been affected by sin and evil, as is exemplified in his own state and those surrounding him.

The prayer of Zeno and his discourse is to demonstrate the absolute power of God in the moral and physical world, and that His goodness, wisdom, and mercy are manifested in every part. It is illustrated by reference to a world and a race of humanity that had never known evil, and an allusion is made also to the earth and its inhabitants; and a suggestion that all their trials and misfortunes may result in a higher development and greater glory, than could have been reached by any other process.

The conclusion of the poem is a paraphrase of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd chapters, of Genesis, in which is given the order of creation, the plans and purpose of its construction, the coming of man, his capacity and education: his career and labors in his first estate, the Garden of Eden—what it was—the origin of woman—the reasoning and causes that brought about the temptation are given—the consequences are noted and woman is vindicated by the redemption of Christ through the prophetic promise made to her. The final part is a desire and willingness to accept the conditions allotted to the human race and trust in the hopes and promises of a future life.





# Prelude.

---

My preface cannot now reveal,  
What I may write, I only feel  
—An impulse, with my being, wrought—  
—An instinct or an afterthought,—  
To dimly trace my pathway back,  
As though uncertain of the track,  
By whence I came to where I go,  
And seek the mystery, to know,  
How soul and reason with their train,  
Are lost within their own domain.

And why thus wandering all alone,  
Still seeking rest and finding none  
When wrapped within my being's thrall  
(A part of it, and yet not all,)  
There is a mental light, divine,  
A part of the eternal mind  
That glows in all created parts  
As ruddy gold in blooming quartz  
This mind of God a living thought,

With all creation interwrought  
In forms of law and holds control  
Of matter as a living Soul,  
Has by its word revealed to me  
My origin and destiny.  
From whence this revelation came—  
I know because the seal's the same  
As that upon my soul impressed.  
I feel its sanction in my breast,  
It comes the force of a command  
In language which I understand.  
But this relief does not suffice,  
Again the clouds of doubt arise,—  
Why thus the sense of being lost,  
And on the angry billows tost,—

'The good the light so far away,  
 And darkness mingled with the day.  
 Perfection speaks in all that's wrought,  
 Outside the work of human thought  
 All else created things are free,  
 While sin and evil's over me.

I heard a voice from far below,  
 Where only feeble instincts glow;  
 I heard the same from all around,  
 Where thought is manifest by sound;  
 I heard it from another state,  
 As passing through an open gate;  
 These are the words my senses greet,  
 Put off the sandals from thy feet,  
 Come near the light and ope thine eyes  
 Fear not the learning that makes wise  
 And let thy reason free from chains  
 Assert its right in God's domains  
 To travel free and so accord  
 With revelations of his word  
 For light divine and reason's flame  
 Are emanations from the same  
 Just as all lights around the sun  
 By day are blended into one.

### CANTO I.

Thus as I mused the summer day  
 Of balmy June had passed away,  
 And shade of light with crimson dyes  
 Was bannered on the azure skies.  
 A tapistry whose border line  
 Was glowing with the hues divine,  
 And fringed the shores that lay be-  
     tween  
 The blue abyss and forest green.

### CANTO II.

Again I looked, the screen of light,  
 That day had mantled over night,

Had rolled away and there revealed,  
 The wonders day had kept concealed.  
 The space of dark eternal blue,  
 That seemed so limitless to view;  
 (By faith an attribute of Saul,  
 That sees where sight has no control)  
 I saw was bounded by a shore,  
 That hem'd its borders evermore—  
 A realm of mind, spiritual,  
 A fitted place for God to dwell,  
 A land materialess as elf,  
 And uncreated like himself.  
 And as I sought by faith to see  
 This land of light, I felt the thrills  
 Of wandering winds of ecstasy,  
 That must have blown from off its hills.  
 For as I watched the wondrous host,  
 That glistered on that starry coast,  
 I felt within a keen desire,  
 Which mortal life could not inspire—  
 A wish to follow in the track;  
 Of spirits, home, returning back  
 From Mercy's mission of the age,  
 Or from a weary pilgrimage.

### III.

Again, I watched for orbs on high,  
 In constellations of the sky,  
 Where rankless mass of starry troops  
 Were martialled in fantastic groups;  
 There chairs and ships and whales  
     and hounds  
 Were occupying common bounds;  
 And fish and eagles' forms were blent  
 Aloft in ether element,  
 Capella waived his torch of light  
 As leader of the northern night,  
 And all, as by one impulse, roll  
 Around the centre of the whole.

## IV.

Up in this firmament of worlds  
 A foreigner its flag unfurls,  
 Of shapeless form and dubious face,  
 With no credentials of its race.  
 No track behind, no way before,  
 What law controls is hidden lore,  
 'The halo flashing as it run,  
 Hung as a shadow from the sun.  
 A wavy gauze of shaded light  
 Trailed on the offing in it's flight.

## V.

The learned in science failed to speak  
 To calm the terrors of the weak;  
 But gravely puzzled watched with awe,  
 Phenomena without a law,  
 A denizen without a place,  
 A steed unbridled in a race.

## VI.

From whence it came, to where it goes,  
 No sage can tell, no prophet knows,  
 What law directs its onward course?  
 What will supplies propelling force?  
 It gives no answer, nor explains  
 Why found on planetary plains.  
 'The weak suspicion it a spy,  
 An exile from some other sky,  
 Awaif expelled for penal years,  
 Afugitive from other spheres.  
 With curses lashed through endless  
     space,  
 Dispensing horror in its race.

## VII.

I paused and shuddered at the thought,  
 That God should thus be charged with  
     aught,  
 About his works to indicate,

A want of love to thus create,  
 A source of terror and despair,  
 To us, the objects of His care.  
 All space around His goodness fills,  
 His love through every atom thrills,  
 And every creature he has made,  
 Is witness to this truth, displayed  
 On earth, and seas, in skies above,  
 His power is bounded by his love.

## VIII.

The bird is brooding on her nest,  
 Maternal hope now soothes her rest,  
 Her mate has ceased his roundelay  
 Of amorous songs the livelong day,  
 And on his perch has passed, it seems?  
 From waking joys, to joyous dreams.  
 The fire-fly from his couch of green  
 Mounts up to mingle in the scene  
 And meet the stars, to catch by night  
 The inspiration of their light,  
 And as he rises in the air  
 And breathes the thrilling essence there  
 The joys which in his bosom throng,  
 Burst out in light, instead of song.  
 The wee white blossom at my feet,  
 Is nestled in its clovery sweet,  
 And sipping honey from the dew,  
 As dozing in the darkened view  
 And dreaming in its reverie  
 Of coming kisses of the bees  
 It waits the coming of the dawn  
 To greet the flow'rets of the lawn.

## IX.

Will he who thus has blessed the earth  
 With themes of gladness and of mirth  
 Train in the skies a wandering scourge  
 And through the heaven a monster urge?

## X.

With chastened faith in hopes to see  
 Solution of this mystery,

I poised a tube, which science kens  
 Well spaced with achromatic lens,  
 And trained it to that wondrous star  
 (A stranger from the realms afar);  
 Adjusted well the instrument  
 Thereto attached, with the intent  
 By lines and cosines to discover [over,  
 The course it leads, the way passed  
 A deft contrivance Science made,  
 To measure by minutest shade,  
 Both size and distance far in space,  
 And bring the objects from their place,  
 To contact with the thinker's mind,  
 In mathematic thought entwined,  
 Just as the field of heaven in view,  
 Is painted on the retinue.

## XI.

I gazed in wonder looking through  
 The lens, that brought the star in view,  
 So magnified, that I could see,  
 The atmosphere around it free,  
 Yet still the secret I would know,  
 Was held enveloped by the glow,  
 That veiled in its mysterious light  
 The subtle form from mortal sight,  
 That e'en the telescopic power  
 Stood baffled in its prying hour.

## XII.

'T is midnight now o'er half the world,  
 The pall of darkness is unfurled;  
 This side 's a tomb, one half is dead,  
 Some sleep in graves, and some in bed,  
 And sleep and death, consorts in time,  
 Keep vigils with their daughter, crime;  
 And sin and crime, and sleep, and death,  
 Hold tyrant sway o'er living breath.

## XIII.

Such was the bitterness of soul,  
 I felt, and saw the comet roll,  
 In far off space, it seemed to me,

To hold some human mystery.  
 Some problem yet unsolved, of life,  
 Some key to reconcile the strife,  
 Twixt matter and its master, mind,  
 Which here on earth is held combined  
 In such ignoble false alloy  
 That matter may the mind destroy.  
 Unless some power exists beyond  
 Where mind and matter both respond.

## XIV.

As some poor waif upon the sea,  
 With nothing but a piece of wreck,  
 Betwixt him and eternity,  
 He spies a sail upon his lea,  
 And thinks he almost sees the deck,  
 Where happy thoughtless passengers  
 All full of life and gaiety  
 Are passing to the home of theirs;  
 Yet onward without slackening sail,  
 The vessel leaves the wretch to wail  
 With no companionship but death,  
 When fate metes out his latest breath.  
 Thus disappointed, looked I on,  
 The star passed down the horizon.

## XV.

Again 'twas evening and the shields  
 Of light and darkness, that revolves  
 Around the earth, had brought the fields  
 Betwixt the two, where one dissolves  
 Into the next,—the border line,  
 Was o'er the earth, with every sign  
 Of passing from the glare of day  
 To evening shade and twilight gray.  
 I stood upon a mountain crest,  
 Like Tabor, where the Savior stood,  
 And met with spirits of the blest,  
 That claimed a human brotherhood.  
 And there in view of mortal sight,  
 His raiment changed to purest white,

His face so marked with human care,  
 Shone with celestial glory there,  
 The very atmosphere around  
 Was vocal with the heavenly sound  
 Of greeting from the Holy One  
 "This is my well beloved Son."

## XVI.

I stood as though on holy ground,  
 With thrilling memories around,  
 And looked before me, where the clouds,  
 Hung o'er the hills in misty shrouds,  
 Adorned their brow with silver sheen,  
 And robed their sides in forest green.

And clothed their slopes with harvest  
 ears,  
 And washed their dusty feet with tears.  
 There from the founts of dew and rain  
 The stream meandered through the  
 plain,  
 And joined the current of the river  
 which poured into the sea forever.  
 There tired ships at anchor lay,  
 On folded wings within the bay;  
 The busy hive along the shore  
 From out this hold removed the store  
 Of wealth and sweets, from other lands,  
 To hoarded cells, with willing hands,  
 The wealth that ministers to vice,  
 The wealth that buys the sacrifice.

## XVII.

I looked again out to the west,  
 A scene to thrill the artist's breast.  
 The sea was mirror to the sky,  
 The sky reflected back the blue,  
 There mingling every gorgeous dye  
 Resplendent on the morning dew.  
 A living picture, where the lines  
 Of beauty change to new designs,  
 So evanescent that the mind  
 Lost all conception of the kind



That had preceded it until  
 The subtile essence of the will  
 Was blending with the changing scene,  
 With such prolixity, I ween,  
 The lines dividing were unseen—  
 The purple shade to crimson wed  
 May be the loving hope that's dead;  
 The silver lining of the cloud  
 May be the solace from the shroud;  
 The azure glowing through the whole  
 Be inspiration of the soul.  
 To draw the scene would be to try  
 To quote a smile, or paint a sigh.

## XVIII.

I took a web of darkened cloth,  
 And on the mount I built a booth,  
 And on the side next to the star  
 I opened a small aperture.  
 A ray of light could then be seen  
 To pass within upon a screen.  
 Across the ray I placed a prism  
 To analyze the gleam of light,  
 (As doctrines by the catechism,  
 Are separated to the sight.)  
 The border glowed with Iris hues,  
 As on the cloud dissolving views  
 When e'er the promise is renewed,  
 The earth is spared for future good.

## XIX.

The blossom springing from the bud,  
 And spreading beauties all abroad,  
 With forms and colors so refined,  
 As seems the opposite of mind,  
 Is but the harbinger of fruit,—  
 The van of what is in pursuit,  
 The purpose aimed is yet behind.  
 I watched with care the grand display,  
 From the dispersion of a ray,  
 That colorless had held combined  
 All colors in one ray entwined,

And by the fiat of some cause  
 Each had responded to its laws ;  
 And ranked in order on the screen  
 The severed parts of light were seen—  
 A vision of sublime halo  
 In magic radiance of the bow.

## XX.

I looked behind to watch for lines  
 Which Froenhofer marked as signs  
 Of matter from another sphere  
 That here as darkened lines appear.  
 Oh! miracle! and can it be,  
 The stuff of which a world is made  
 Can join with light and travel free,  
 And on the canvas be portrayed,  
 While this immortal soul of mine  
 Made up of elements divine  
 Is held in thralldom from its birth  
 By gravitation to the earth?

## XXI.

With care I noted from the chart  
 Each line and element apart,  
 Some metals of familiar face,  
 Some doubtful and seemed out of place,  
 Some shades denoting there was sent  
 To us an unknown element.  
 While thus in wonder I absorb  
 The tales these messages afford,  
 I noted yet another line,  
 Whose shade I could but ill-define.  
 At times 'twas deep and swelling wide,  
 Again receding as the tide.  
 It trembling glowed, then indistinct,  
 Then deepened dark as marked with ink,  
 I looked askant, 'twas from that star  
 The message hailed from out afar.

## XXII.

That mystic line was throbbing still,  
 And seemed appealing to the will,

As though to matter not confined,  
 'Twas a sensation from the mind,  
 Not animate by laws decree  
 But intellectual sympathy.  
 My soul awoke, where reasons pause,  
 To solve a sequence without cause,  
 And beat upon its prison bars  
 And longed to mingle with the stars.

## XXIII.

As some strong captive on the seas,  
 On slaver's ship, in gyves and chains,  
 A moment's respite, to the breeze,—  
 He looked back to his land again,  
 Where late he reigned an honored king,  
 And willing subjects tributes bring  
 Of love and wealth and honors, all  
 In meek submission to his call  
 There herds of kine and swarms of men  
 Gave wealth and homage to him then  
 And stately lords and gentle dames  
 Enlivened his court with cheerful games.  
 His subjects yielded him their fate  
 His beckon was the law of state  
 But now in chains and ranked a slave  
 His destiny a foreign grave  
 He looked around, no solace there,  
 One only rescue in despair.  
 The scaly monsters of the brine  
 Were better friends than human kind,—  
 One maddening leap, the splashing wave  
 Was his pavilion and his grave.

## XXIV.

Such was the agonizing spell  
 My spirit felt within it swell,  
 As it looked back to powers lost,  
 What slavery into sin had cost,—  
 From source above intelligence,  
 A kindred to omnipotence;  
 It spurned the reasoning that imputes  
 An evolution from the brutes;

And felt a consciousness within,  
 That 't was of heavenly origin,  
 And knows it breathes a living breath  
 That bids defiance unto death.  
 And as Elijah went, it goes,  
 And as Elijah comes, it knows,  
 It has the power of light that flies  
 A spirit wandering in the skies.

## XXV.

Again I looked, the mystic line,  
 Was moved by sensate power divine,  
 Around above its zone expands  
 In azure lines and circling bands  
 It filled the space as ether fills,  
 It thrilled the soul as ether thrills.  
 I felt the power of some appeal,  
 I felt? oh, no! I ceased to feel.

## XXVI.

I woke as from an opiate sleep,  
 A dream of flight from other spheres.  
 How long the time I could not keep  
 It might have been one moment's leap—  
 It might have been a hundred years.  
 I felt a moment's throb of pain,  
 (A dim sequence of former strife),  
 A sense of being born again,  
 With memory of a former life.  
 My lungs inhale the blessed air,  
 Such as we breath, on mountains fair,  
 Where no malarial poisons slay  
 No exhalations from decay;  
 No stinted void of vital breath;  
 No taint of ailment or of death.

## XXVII.

I seemed to be within a tent  
 A tabernacle in extent,  
 With lofty columns to the nave  
 Around the richest architrave.  
 The floor was set with greenest grass

In which the starry flowers grow,  
 And all congealed in burnished glass,  
 That showed a firmament below.

## XXVIII.

Around the walls in amber frames,  
 Were ranged the scenic works of art,  
 I could not tell designs or names,  
 I did not know their counterpart,  
 One picture I could recognize  
 Its history was plain to see—  
 Some artist witness of the skies  
 Had drawn the scene on Calvary  
 And every feature curve and line  
 Had an inspired touch divine  
 Imparted from artist mind  
 Yet glowing there, and every word  
 And scene which on that mount occurred  
 Was to the canvas all transferred.

## XXIX.

My soul took in the awful view,  
 With every portrait one by one,  
 What old Parhassus could not do,  
 There on the canvas had been done.  
 I saw the gloating Pharisee,  
 I heard the rabble shout of glee,  
 The clicking hammer on the nail,  
 The soldiers curse, the mourner's wail  
 The thief's appeal the dying prayer,  
 The darkness that eclipsed despair  
 And through the gloom on echo thrilled  
 That prophecy had been fulfilled.  
 Beyond I saw another day  
 The cross a banner in display  
 An open tomb its captive free  
 And heard a shout of victory.

## XXX.

With happy tears I blessed the Lord,  
 Such evidence these scenes afford,  
 Who ever made this tent must be,  
 Of surety some akin to me.

## XXXI.

A bird of Paradise o'er head,  
 A ceiling made with wings outspread,  
 And from its beak by golden bars,  
 Was hung a chandelier of stars.  
 Its light like blessings over all,  
 Diffused no shadows by its fall  
 'Twas softer than the garish day,  
 'Twas brighter than the Lunar ray,  
 Attenuated right for each it seems  
 To waking thoughts or quiet dreams.

## XXXII.

Arranged in other parts there stood,  
 A cabinet of costly wood,  
 Where every shelf and drawer was filled,  
 With instruments for science skilled  
 And each department had its share,  
 Excepting for disease and war.  
 Another side was stored with books,  
 Or such they seemed to me—their looks,  
 Was something as a scroll or chart,  
 Or drawing which the theme imparts,  
 A universal type of thought,  
 With words and ideas interwrought,  
 So deft the meaning was conveyed,  
 Without interpretation's aid.  
 Rich furniture was scattered round,  
 In such confusion as abound,  
 In forest scattering of trees,  
 Or in the falling of the leaves  
 Where order would the law deform  
 Which Nature made for beauty's charm.  
 Tables and stands of ebony  
 And chairs of whitest ivory,  
 Sofas and divans and what not,  
 Were scattered round in such a lot  
 As though the inmates of the room  
 Were briefly absent from their home.

## XXXIII.

One end there was the curtain drawn  
 Which looked out on a cultured lawn  
 Gently descending to a rill,  
 That rippled from its mother hill;  
 Across the stream a rustic bridge  
 With walk ascending to the ridge  
 Upon which summit stood alone  
 A precious temple built of stone.  
 'Twas less in size, in other count  
 'Twas made from model in the mount,  
 The builder better understood,  
 The plan than heathen Hyram could  
 The stone rejected by the one,  
 Was made the head and corner stone.  
 Above was such a halo there,  
 Where incense meets return of prayer  
 I could no safe conclusion draw,  
 Because I durst not lift my eyes,  
 There was the bush which Moses saw,  
 And Adam knew in Paradise.

## XXXIV.

I heard a song and chant within  
 At first a low and plaintive air,  
 And then a loud but mellow din,  
 And then an anthem pealing there,  
 And then a joyous shout of praise,  
 With flashing lights the windows blaze  
 Then pleading notes of solemn prayer.  
 The temple door was opened wide,  
 And worshipers then side by side,  
 In pairs descend down the hill,  
 And crossed upon the bridge, the rill,  
 And leisurely I saw them come [home.  
 Toward the tent which seemed their  
 What men were they, and where was I,  
 I knew I'd left the earth behind,  
 And still I knew I did not die  
 I was the same in form and mind.

This is no land beyond the grave,  
 Nor home of souls He died to save,  
 There are no reasons why I should,  
 Yet claim to thus immortal be,  
 These men were surely flesh and blood,  
 And must be some akin to me.  
 And yet the fact was evident  
 These men were not of the descent  
 Of Adam after his disgrace,—  
 On either hand there was no trace,  
 Of weapons for destruction made,  
 No polished spear or petted blade,  
 No shield for warding of disease,  
 No fear of death to mar their ease,  
 No covert hints could be conceived  
 They doubted God or disbelieved,  
 No marring of the one design,  
 No clashing of conflicting mind,  
 But one harmonious range of laws  
 From object to their primal cause.  
 And still I felt related there,  
 It was a land of hope and prayer  
 A land where aspirations met  
 Their satisfy without regret  
 Where intellect had full control  
 And God was present in the whole  
 I felt with diffidence oppressed  
 The fear of an unbidden guest  
 In mingled hope and deep concern  
 Concealed I waited their return.

## XXXV.

They loitered in with quiet air  
 And dropped on sofa, cot, or chair  
 When one exclaimed this day's surprise  
 Of blessings on our enterprise  
 And lessons that have blessed our sight  
 From the Chekinah's hallowed light  
 Is more significant and clear  
 Than doubtful oracles appear.  
 While on this course that now we run



In coasting round this central sun  
 We surely shall communicate  
 With people of some other state.

## XXXVI.

Then Dion spoke and said, "For days  
 I've been observant of the rays  
 From a planet of the third degree—  
 I know we have its history—  
 Among our books—I recollect  
 On our last voyage 't was almost wrecked  
 T' was veiled in slavery dark as night  
 And wrapped in crime and moral blight.  
 Ambitious monarchs ruled the state  
 While virtue starved behind the grate,  
 Learning had fled from power in halls  
 To find a home in prison walls.  
 Religion banished from her seat  
 By superstitions counterfeit,  
 The law of love men ceased to know,  
 This was a thousand years ago.  
 Since then a wondrous change occurred,  
 One half's now lighted by the word,  
 The word of Life which is the thrill,  
 Of moral strength and mental will,—  
 And trusts which ignorance concealed,  
 That word, and science has revealed,  
 And by the energy of thought,  
 Has penetrated to the source [brought  
 And from their darkened chambers  
 Condensed in matter latent force,  
 And set it free, then made it slave,  
 And to it iron muscles gave,  
 This monster power as Sampson, blind,  
 Was trained by mastery of mind,  
 They chained it fast to loaded cars,  
 They set its wheels on iron bars  
 Away it flew, by day and night,  
 Across a continent its flight  
 Onward up the mountain steep  
 Then over rivers broad and deep,

A servitor of giant mould  
 A ticking watch its speed controlled,  
 An avalanche, it stopped at will,  
 A slave, it hurried up the hill,  
 It took the burdens from the serf  
 And banished famine from the earth.

“Old ocean’s melancholy waste”  
 Where Chaos marshalled her remains  
 Now feels the energizing haste  
 Of words that cross her slimy plains,  
 On metal nerves, by motor proud,  
 That’s wrested from the stormy cloud.  
 Now under seas, now under skies  
 On sentient wire the message flies  
 Then over plains, and through the woods  
 By cities and through solitudes  
 Anticipating time, ’t will guide  
 The train that ’s lagging by its side.  
 On earth such wonders have been  
 By power invisible as thought. [wrought

Thus Dion lounging on his cot,  
 In easy luxury and not  
 Addressing language to the crowd,  
 But talking to himself aloud.  
 This morn on earth I have observed,  
 How men by a contrivance swerved,  
 Each color from a ray of light,  
 And left each spangle pure and bright,  
 Then disentangle from the ray  
 The elements thus brought away  
 From other worlds, as samples take,  
 Of substance entering in their make.  
 I formed a battery of mind  
 In which by circuits I combined  
 The nerve the sympathy and will  
 Which all our party could instill  
 This force refined, with instrument  
 Along a ray of light, I sent  
 It formed a line of sympathy

By which a soul might come to me.  
 I left the instrument in poise  
 The battery working without a noise  
 This line to earth is yet complete  
 I half expect we yet may greet  
 On this our wandering home and star  
 From thence a living visitor.  
 The language spoke the sense defined,  
 With such directness to my mind,  
 It seemed from the neglected past,  
 Some memories were awoke at last,  
 Of sounds familiar to my ear,  
 As though they were venacular.  
 With doubt and fear I kept concealed,  
 Behind a curtain as a shield,  
 Each person to my vision clear,  
 And all their conversation near.

## XXXVII.

They were a goodly company,  
 Two score or more of gentlemen;  
 Some joyous youth with laughing eye,  
 And some were grizzled veteran.  
 For half an hour each as he 'd please,  
 Would throw his coat and take his ease.  
 Some laughed in jest and folly free,  
 Some gravely talked philosophy,  
 Some were discussing works of art,  
 While others took the science part,  
 A few dissented from the creed,  
 On revelation all agreed,  
 And all agreed with hearty chime  
 It surely must be dinner time,  
 They seemed as though from off a tramp  
 Some hunters had returned to camp  
 Or better still to be compared,  
 To ministers who having cared  
 For sacred things at conference  
 In vigils long, and work intense  
 To save the strength that toil impairs  
 They look to cooks as well as prayers.

## XXXVIII.

And here forsooth I must explain  
 My muse refused to do her part  
 Or lend the glamour of her art  
 To light my doubtful way again.

In truth for an inspired tone  
 For language worthy of my theme  
 I was dependent on the stream  
 That flows from poesy alone.

It hath not been, and no one knows  
 Where heavenly visions bright and clear  
 And being of another sphere  
 Described to men in common prose.

And can the muse who oft has lent,  
 Her charming numbers to describe,  
 The scenes across the other side,  
 As, viewed from Patmos by me seer,  
 Or as in Dante's dream appear,  
 With common language be content.

In fancy I have dared invade  
 The regions of a distant star  
 And hold familiar converse there  
 With beings of a higher grade.

And yet so tinged with mortal fear  
 So dim in sight, so weak in faith  
 My soul its poverty betrayeth  
 Unworthy of the muse's care

My contact was with human mind  
 I saw no angels clothed in white  
 No seraphs of celestial light [throng  
 No great white throne, no endless  
 Of the redeemed, with shout and song  
 To lower sphere I was confined.

Oh muse the sister of the nine,  
 That with Beatrice divine,  
 Conducted Dante through the scenes,

Of Paradise, to lift the screens,  
 That veiled the secrets of desire,  
 And opened up a circle higher,  
 Until the soul could scarce endure,  
 The rapture of a clime so pure.  
 Oh! wilt thou deign to touch my theme,  
 With but a spark of living fire  
 Its rank mortality redeem,  
 Its lowly numbers to inspire.

## XXXIX.

This party of celestial climes,  
 On an excursion round the sun,  
 Their train a comet, and their times,  
 Were dateless as e'er time begun.  
 Gifted with wisdom power and grace  
 Such as to earthly men denied  
 They bore the glories of a place  
 Imputed to the sanctified.  
 These beings of this palace hall  
 Responded to their wardens call  
 And through a door in order went  
 Into a room without the tent.  
 I heard the words of solemn thanks,  
 And then the clatter in their ranks,  
 Of arms they used, such vulgar tools,  
 As students have at boarding schools.  
 The fare not such as Gods' delight,  
 To furnish on Olympian hight,  
 Not sweet ambrosia such as drips,  
 Like honey dew from flowery lips—  
 But dinner such as mortal greed,  
 Suggests when hunger forces need,  
 To thus restore the wasted strain,  
 Of muscle and of tired brain,  
 And from the sordid substance course,  
 Make latent strength a living force.

## XL.

Thus left alone I looked to see,  
 The instrument and battery,

Described as being made to send,  
 A message to an absent friend,  
 Unto the earth my native place,  
 The land of sin the land of grace.  
 I felt that I had breathed the air  
 Electrified by Dion's care  
 And then across the horrid void  
 Had passed with living light alloyed.

## XLI.

Just by a silver bell was hung  
 I touched it and its cymbal tongue  
 Rang out to me a fearful call  
 When Dion entered in the hall.  
 He was a tall well favored sage,  
 His head was white but not with age,  
 But was the flowing healthful prime  
 The badge of youth in spite of time  
 His step was light, his genial smile  
 Would banish every thought of guile  
 And e'en the glasses on his nose  
 A joyous youthfulness impose.  
 He rushed as though in sudden freak,  
 He clasped hands he kissed my cheek,  
 Embraced and fondled as in doubt,  
 Which impulse trust, to weep or shout,  
 As though far back in other days,  
 We'd played and romped in boyish ways,  
 And neither plenitude of years,  
 Of joyous life, or bitter tears,  
 Had blotted out one memory  
 Of happy days we used to see.

## XLII.

I met the joy which lit his face,  
 And blessed him for his kind embrace,  
 And begged of him indulgent care,  
 While in a place, I knew not where.

## WHAT DION SAID:

Forgive my forwardness he said,  
 I know the land from whence you fled,

I know the history of your race,  
 Its prestige bright and deep disgrace,  
 How flesh and blood immortalized,  
 Was by rebellion sacrificed,  
 I know what riches there hath been,  
 Thus bartered off for death and sin;  
 A state of happiness and bliss,  
 Is squandered in exchange for this,  
 The sordid gloom and black intense,  
 Of egotistic ignorance,  
 And the sweet altars of the vale,  
 For weeping worshippers of Baal.  
 Though grief and penitential tears,  
 Have been their legacy for years,  
 And rebels to their father's will,  
 With all their crimes I loved them still.  
 I love the never ending fight  
 Of marshalled heroes for the right  
 I love the stern unyielding tread  
 That presses to the fountain head  
 And joy to see the beacon light  
 Gleam through the shadows of the night  
 And penetrates the darkest ways  
 With auguries of better days.  
 The anguish that oppression breeds,  
 Is sweetness when the prayer succeeds,  
 And times of ignorance and gloom  
 Is glorified by martyr's doom  
 Just as the hero of the wars,  
 Is beautified by ugly scars.  
 The saint who never walked amiss  
 Who never felt a throb of pain  
 Is sure exceeded by the bliss,  
 Of him who dies and lives again,  
 Who sinned the most, is most forgiven,  
 Who suffered most, most longs for  
 The rescued only raise the cry [heaven,  
 Of higher life and victory.  
 It is as though in nature's ways,  
 We seek for scenes to love and praise,

We pass from off the river side  
 To where the plains are spreading wide  
 Where grass and trees and blooming  
 flowers

Are scattered wild, or grouped in bowers  
 And richest fields of golden grain,  
 With fruits diversify the plain,  
 There cheerful towns and happy homes,  
 Are welcome inns for him who roams,  
 With every hint of moral care,  
 And peace and plenty smiling there,  
 This Eden home this healthful air,  
 Where wealth anticipates the prayer,  
 Would surely satisfy the soul,  
 Its reckless waywardness control,  
 And be content in happy ease  
 With heaven to bless and earth to please.  
 But such is not the human mind,  
 It leaves those gentle scenes behind,  
 And turns away from flowery meads,  
 To where the rugged waste succeeds,  
 Where earthquake with convulsion  
 breaks

The plains, to hills and mountain peaks;  
 Where desolation plenty mocks,  
 The starving pine to sterile rocks  
 Clings with it's bony fingers, thin,  
 To brace against the storms and wind.  
 The only luring charm displayed  
 Is fragments by destruction made.  
 'Tis here remorseless winter reigns.  
 When gentle spring has blessed the  
 plains,

On lonely height in frozen fort,  
 He holds his parliament and court  
 Till lengthened days and summer gleams  
 Shall break the prison bars, of streams.  
 Then as a felon from his cell,  
 The water rushes down the dell,  
 And fleeing from the chains and rack,



It leaps the foaming cateract ;  
 Then down the gorge it grinds the ribs,  
 Of granite safes and breaks the cribs,  
 Where nature in the days of old,  
 Had hoarded up its gems and gold.  
 Still down the hill in merry dances  
 It to the summer plain advances,  
 Until it settles in the pool  
 Where drooping willows shade the  
     school  
 Of finny tribes at rest, which seem  
 In crystal waters of the stream  
 As happy as an angel's dream.  
 There thirsty cattle from the heat,  
 Seek in the shady pool retreat,  
 And lave their feet in cooling strand  
 From wearied march on burning sand.  
 Above the miner, as by stealth,  
 Is prospecting for hidden wealth.  
 He fills his bowl with watery sand  
 And by a motion of his hand,  
 Whatever can be made to swim  
 He whirls in circles o'er the brim,  
 Until his hungry eyes behold  
 The glinting of the yellow gold.  
 The yellow gold, the talisman  
 That has control of human clan,  
 It opens up the granary door  
 With blessing for the starving poor.  
 It builds the ships and lends the force,  
 That speeds the steamer on its course ;  
 It lays the land with iron bars,  
 And runs the train of palace cars ;  
 It pays for wars to slaughter Turks  
 And aids in missionary works.  
 It buys the rope to hang the thief  
 And pays the priest to sooth his grief ;  
 It bears the burden of the state  
 And gilds the honors of the great,  
 And e'en the miner as he wrought

Knows golden brains has brighter  
 thought  
 To sway the herd of human kind,  
 Than intellectual power of mind.  
 And thus the ways of mortal life  
 Are thronged with an uncertain strife ;  
 The toys that wanton with desire,  
 That tempt the flood and try the fire  
 And both consoles and lacerates,  
 On lapping line of border states ;  
 The throbbing agony of peace,  
 The bliss of slavery and release,  
 The weary woe of blight within,  
 The love of good, the love of sin,  
 To drink the crimson and the blue,  
 To blend the laurel and the yew ;  
 To love the blessings, love the ills,  
 That break the plains in rugged hills  
 And make the mountain crags the mills  
 To grind and crush and ever grind  
 Of all the elements combined  
 The food for body and the mind.

## XLIII.

Thus Dion spoke. With bated breath  
 I listened to the words he saith.  
 When by the door they had retired  
 The company returned with looks,  
 As though the blessing they desired  
 Had been supplied by careful cooks.  
 They paused in much astonishment,  
 At me a stranger in their tent ;  
 When Dion said with easy grace,  
 And pleasure beaming in his face,  
 My friends of Sirius we have here,  
 A brother from another sphere,  
 Not of our race but still our kin  
 From intellect and origin,  
 For God who animates the whole  
 Has made of him a living soul.

They rushed to me with happy greeting,  
 And Dion's joy again repeating;  
 Then in a group they gathered round,  
 With smiling glances to each other,  
 Each seemed as though he just had  
 found,

A lost and well beloved brother.  
 I trembling stood in mute surprise,  
 My tongue was nerveless and my eyes,  
 Were drowning in a flood of tears;  
 A flow of mingled hopes and fears;  
 A storm of feeling so intense  
 It fails the power of human sense,  
 To know the wave of ecstasy  
 From overwhelming agony  
 From either tide in terror fly  
 And seeks forgetfulness, to die.  
 I made an effort to be calm,  
 And hold my senses to their place,  
 And spoke with pallid lips and face:  
 Pray, tell me where I am.  
 Is this the land of holy rest?  
 Are these the ransomed and the blest?  
 Who left probation and in this,  
 Where saints and angels dwell in bliss?  
 It cannot be that this is—well  
 I know it's not where horrors dwell  
 Where banished from the peace of  
 heaven  
 None live, but sinners unforgiven;  
 No other climes than these I know,  
 No other place of joy or woe.

#### XLIV.

Then Shiraz who was standing near,  
 To ease my mind and calm my fear,  
 Spoke in a way that seemed to be,  
 Of thought sublime and drollery,  
 Of men,—he was Hugh Miller's type,  
 When young in years and vigor ripe.

With sad blue eyes and auburn hair,  
 That rested on his forehead fair,  
 A brain that shadowed o'er his frame,  
 The motive power in every aim,  
 The seat of will, engine of thought,  
 That seemed with muscle interwrought.

WHAT SHIRAZ SAID :

My line of thought and my pursuits,  
 Have been diverse from Dion's plan.  
 He theorizes and disputes ;  
 I take the facts where e'er I can.  
 I search for lessons where I dwell,  
 That God has wrote on rocks, that tell  
 His purpose from the very start,  
 And from the learning they impart,  
 I reason out the grand design,  
 The plans of the infinite mind.  
 And when I see those words of his  
 I know who the designer is.  
 Our friend who has been introduced,  
 Who seems quite lost and so confused,  
 As scarce to know where 'tis we stand,  
 Is yet upon his father's land,  
 Can see his windows, light with joys,  
 Is yet in hearing of his voice.  
 We all are creatures of his will,  
 And made for labor, to fulfill,  
 His plans to perfect throughout space,  
 The rich intentions of his grace.  
 We are not Angels fledged with wings,  
 Nor seraphs who sweet chorus sings ;  
 Who loiter round the golden gate,  
 And meet in councils of the great.  
 We are the toilers of the sea,  
 The soldiers of the border, we  
 Are builders of the navies grand,  
 That sway the seas and awe the land  
 From rocky cliffs by plan sublime  
 We pyramid the march of time.

We hew the forest, plow the field,  
 We make the sea her treasure yield,  
 And from the dark and hidden store,  
 We drag to light the precious ore.  
 We search from every secret source,  
 To aggregate untutored force,  
 And train it by disciplined skill,  
 To only mind it's master's will.  
 This comet star on which we ride,  
 Its speed control, its motion guide,  
 Once had an orbit of its own,  
 A semi-satellite alone.

'T was free as lazy clouds appear,  
 Loose wandering in the atmosphere;  
 Yet sheathed within its fleecy fold  
 Were arsenals of terror rolled,  
 The sleeping cyclone and the storm  
 Were ambushed in its bosom, warm,  
 One day 'twould send us rain so good  
 The next might be the vengeful flood;  
 A meteor once apparent friend,  
 And then 'twould bitter curses send.  
 As treacherous savages to-day  
 Would with their victims romp and play  
 To-morrow with destruction dire  
 Would raid the town with knife and fire.  
 We found what metals would attract,  
 Its vicious powers, counteract,  
 And latent hold its untamed force,  
 As salt will tempt the unbridled horse.  
 Thus fettered by the mystic tie,  
 We lashed it to a mountain high,  
 And held it o'er the roaring gorge,  
 In reach of the volcanic forge.  
 For years and years these forces play,  
 Manipulated on each day;  
 The comet on its centre rolled,  
 And slowly gathered in each fold,  
 The murky mists of cloud and slimes,  
 The nebula of other times.

At places 't was in strata laid, [made,  
 As though from gathered dust 't was  
 Again 't was stone and adamant,  
 From the volcano stomach sent.  
 Still on it rolled the forges beat  
 And left within the central heat,  
 And still upon the surface spread,  
 The rocks and metals for the bed,  
 On which was laid incumbent soil  
 Composed of fragmentary spoil.  
 And then surrounded it with air  
 The light halo you call the hair  
 That hides the comet's nucleus  
 And stay the gravitating force  
 And leaves it subject unto us.  
 I cannot tell what length of years,  
 To form it as it now appears,  
 Unless as a Geologist,  
 You handled rocks and mica schist,  
 And go with me to where we look,  
 On folded strata as a book,  
 (For God has always wrote on stone,  
 The surest records of his own),  
 And read upon the rocks and slates,  
 His memorandum of their dates.  
 However long ago it's been,  
 I recollect its motion when,  
 It gathered on the latest dribs  
 That covered up its rocky ribs.  
 I saw the plants, the fern, the palm,  
 First smiling on the oozy calm,  
 And after came the perfect flower,  
 And after all the forest tower.  
 'T was as a spinster at the wheel  
 With thread exhausted by the reel;  
 She took the distaff from the racks  
 And wound it in the fibrous flax,  
 And as she turned it round and round,  
 The fleecy tow was circle bound;  
 Then deftly shaping it with care,

The naked rods became a sphere,  
 Of comely form, that held within,  
 The ligatures of which to spin  
 The slender thread the cable cord,  
 That holds the anchor to its ward.  
 Or as the worm whose lotted time,  
 'Tis spent in toil to reach its prime,  
 It gives the wealth it lived to save,  
 In making cerements for its grave.  
 Thus around it weaves the silken thread,  
 That holds incased the living dead,  
 And keeps within the callus rind,  
 The embryotic life confined.  
 So in the globe is held the force,  
 That drives the cyclone on its course.  
 Confined within by rocky bands,  
 Its restless impulse shakes the lands.  
 This power so fierce is held at will,  
 And wielded by its master's skill,  
 And Jeeters by his lever makes  
 'The force propel, or holds the brakes.  
 And by appliances to speed  
 He holds it to the line decreed  
 And thus our harnessed comet dares  
 To drive its course among the stars,  
 And flies away through dark domains,  
 Where night and silence ever reigns  
 Beyond where curbing forces run,  
 No day, no heat, no life, no sun,  
 The beady stars the only sight,  
 Within this vast expanse of night.  
 Still on we speed to reach the plains  
 Where day and night divide their reigns;  
 Where rolling worlds their orbits reach?  
 And each hold sympathy with each;  
 Where life and light again appears,  
 And time is marked by days and years.  
 Thus on our migratory raid,  
 This solar system we invade;  
 We come to see what God hath wrought

In life in matter and in thought,  
 Since last we viewed this plan of  
 Back in the solitude of years. [spheres  
 To keep recorded histories,  
 Of what are after mysteries,  
 So may our taught philosophy,  
 Keep harmony with prophecy,  
 And testimony wrote on stone,  
 Is thus supported by our own.  
 When once within the horizon,  
 That bounds the system round the sun,  
 By aid of faith, by aid of sight,  
 By aid of intellectual light,  
 By aid our instruments afford,  
 We come in contact with each orb.  
 We learn the purpose and design,  
 When laying plummet and the line,  
 Of worlds proposed in given space,  
 To join their comrades in the race,  
 Of life and glory, of the band  
 That come responsive to command  
 We note the forms that matter takes;  
 We note what sympathy it makes;  
 We mark how life at first exists,  
 When dawn of day dissolves the mists.  
 We watched the coming of the soul,  
 That of the world will take control.  
 These wonders of creative word,  
 We are permitted to record  
 In sacred books, where e'er we roam,  
 And bear as treasures to our home.  
 Then Shiraz paused and turning said,  
 I must forbear to farther tread  
 Those fields of mystic science where  
 I as a student should not dare.  
 Zeno, the teacher of our class,  
 Of all the things that's come to pass,  
 In reference to material things,  
 Has grasp and prescience such as springs  
 From memory not oft acquired,







With life expanding or intelligence,  
 And only grow because Thou has sup-  
     plied  
 The power that nears them up to thee.  
 Another song and peon to thy praise,  
 Is made by rushing winds that sweep  
     from off  
 The Libyan sands of ignorance and sin,  
 And stirs the chords of stringed harps  
     with notes  
 Of love, as Memnon sang upon the Nile,  
 When morning sun expelled the desert  
     air.  
 Each day we live is but another page  
 Another step, a stair to, a new plane,  
 Whose wonders scale the past and  
     doubt dissolves  
 And faith itself, once so robust and brave,  
 Becomes a shadowy ghost and flees away  
 When full fruition of Thy goodness  
     comes. [sun,  
 This plane of worlds about this glorious  
 Which from creations dawn when first  
     began,  
 Their elements from chaos to take  
     shape;  
 Has been to puzzle and confound the  
     wise  
 That with supernal vision gathered  
     round,  
 And wondered; others wept, and all  
     amazed, [rushed in  
 When evil through temptations door  
 And seized the fort and for a time  
     appeared  
 To thwart Beneficence in forming worlds.  
 But now we see and learn a lesson  
     grand  
 And more profound, in mystery exposed  
 Than aught revealed by experience past,

Or auguries of times, by reason's school.  
 Thy providence which underlies it all,  
 And brings to view the purposes beyond,  
 Has made of failure a sublime result.  
 Sin and evil with their offspring death  
 Hath with Destruction's besom swept  
     the earth  
 And made a desolation of the hopes  
 And prospects of the favored human  
     race;  
 Now from the ruin, the debris and the  
     wreck  
 Springs a new life, with fruit more  
     glorious, [crime.  
 Than was the harvest wasted by the  
 Another day has dawned. The eastern  
     star  
 A wondrous luminary has become.  
 From the chill gloom of night and  
     ignorance  
 Has woke the times when the reformer  
     rules;  
 And martyrs march in triumph to a  
     throne. [the walls  
 Now wars and battles have broke down  
 That fenced their founders and abettors  
     in  
 And o'ped the times for peace to hold  
     her sway.  
 Gaunt famine starved her mistress  
     ignorance,  
 And science has usurped control of fate.  
 The Word revealed has by its right  
     become  
 The arbiter of states, the fount of  
     thought,  
 Whose streams descend from holy  
     mountain tops  
 And nourish valleys with a righteous  
     wealth

And send a thrill of vital energy  
 Adown the streams, across the peopled  
     vales,  
 And by the shores and on old ocean's  
     breast?  
 Press on oh Lord, thy conquering  
     wheels of power  
 And never cea setheir motion day or  
     night,  
 And hum and roar in temples, mammon  
     built,  
 And built unconsious of the homage  
     paid.  
 Or be the flying wheels to skim the  
     earth  
 On Iron bands whose herald is the flash  
 Of lightning trained, on wing to carry  
     thought;  
 Or be they splashing on the treacherous  
     main.  
 To urge the ship against contrary  
     winds  
 To seek the post where heathen dark-  
     ness bides  
 With overtures of God's neglected  
     grace.  
 Roll on, thou conquering wheels, thou  
     chariots;  
 Thy coursers are the adjutants of force  
 Which in the hills from days of old  
     thou hast  
 Reserved in bond. That human will  
     might move,  
 As though of inspiration driven,  
 In its returning passage back to thee.  
 Speed on, oh Lord, the marshalled host  
     of mind,  
 The armies that pursue the fleeing bands  
 Of ignorance and crime, whose arsenals,  
 Thy word revealed—whose citadel

Is by the academian grove or college  
     where,  
 The serried ranks of war do pitch their  
     camp,  
 And train their soldiers for the battle-  
     field.  
 Press on, oh! Lord, Thy coming van  
     of might  
 With burnished arms of industry and  
     toil,  
 That hew down hills and fill the fœtid  
     lake  
 And cleanse the marshes of malarial  
     death,  
 That open channels with contagious  
     seas  
 And sever continents by ways of peace.  
 Then they shall lay the forest for the  
     use of art,  
 And soothe the burning plane with  
     moistened cloud  
 And Gihon and Euphrates lave the  
     shores  
 Of Eden's garden, lost, and found again.  
 The tiger has no lair, his jungle gone.  
 The serpent's rock is made a place of  
     prayer.  
 The Zones exchange exuberance of  
     clime.  
 Then famine and her sister pestilence  
 Shall starve—from utter want—and vice  
     and crime  
 And lust and hate and war shall die  
 For want of sin on which to feed.  
 The soil is purged from noxious  
     elements  
 The air from poisonous vapor free and  
     pure  
 The briny ocean concentrates its salts

In secret caves, and waters pure and  
 sweet  
 Shall kiss untainted air and fretful seas  
 And teasing winds shall make,  
 An everlasting peace.

RESPONSE.

Thus I in awe responded to the prayer:  
 Bless, Oh my soul with every nerve of  
 thine,  
 The God of Genesis, who created all,  
 The God of Abraham whose gift of faith  
 Was compensation for the sting of death.  
 The God of our Messiah who has blest  
 Our race with such a character and life  
 As heaven cannot excel.

WHAT ZENO SAID.

Then Zeno said: This day my speech  
 shall be  
 Suggested by the throng of facts around.  
 We are now in the full influence of the  
 sun.  
 Its light and heat and gravitating force  
 Control and animate each orb and  
 world  
 Within the space assigned it by decree.  
 Thus, while in mental reach, we test all  
 things  
 Material, and feel the force of laws  
 An impulse of a mind that all controls.  
 There is no God but one, Creator he  
 Of every atom that forms the mass  
 Of every law that permeates the whole  
 Of all affinities that aggregate the parts  
 And forms substantial things to fill  
 designs [light  
 Of every instinct, feeblest ray of  
 That emanates from off the lamp of  
 mind; [thought,  
 Of every soul from whence can spring a





Of power conflicting with God's  
     providence,  
 In thus repressing pride and vanity.  
 We, as you, are allied in life to dust;  
 A spirit chained to material things;  
 A master and his slave, servants both  
 To a superior mind and destiny.  
 We dwell in other systems of expanse  
 So far remote attraction cannot reach,  
 And light alone of all the elements  
 Can span the space in thirty moons of  
     time.  
 You call it Sirius, the chief of stars  
 In southern skies, that glows with  
     ruddy light,  
 Forboding ill when summer solstice  
     reigns.  
 You who have only learned to know the  
     laws  
 And mechanism of your system here  
 And stand amazed when by toilsome  
     search,  
 Their fitness is displayed and think  
     forsooth,  
 That wisdom was exhausted with the  
     plan,  
 Can scarce me understand when I  
     explain  
 The laws of force and matter, where the  
     word  
 Became materialized, and thought  
 Assumed consistency in a new form,  
 Diverse in plan but in results the same  
 As other worlds by the same mind  
     disposed.  
 We have a central sun the source of  
     heat  
 Of light and vital essence and supports  
 By gravitating power eight other worlds

Each (perfect for their use) in size  
     excels  
 The orb of Jove which in these genial  
     skies [sun.  
 Holds court and majesty second to the  
 These no revolvings make around the  
     central sire.  
 But four suspended from a different  
     side  
 On the same plane hang pendulous in  
     space  
 And moves across the centre that  
     attracts.  
 Then reverse it comes; the centre pass  
     again,  
 And with retarded force it touches  
     where,  
 Its sister world on the same plane may  
     reach,  
 The four thus compassing a circle and  
 In equal space allowed while one  
     recedes  
 The mate advances to the point it left;  
 While on a plane vertical to this  
 Four other worlds on the same plan  
     perform  
 Their race at greater distance from the  
     sun  
 Thus day and night are made by  
     turning round  
 Each on its axis, while the year is,  
     made [it came.  
 By one advance and back from whence  
 One common atmosphere invests the  
     whole;  
 One climate and one life, adapted each,  
 And one creation all, and one design.

The history and the records of our race

Point to one common pair on Rhea  
     made,  
 The oldest, by tradition, of our worlds;  
 Whose issue spread and peopled all its  
     plains.  
 'Twas not so fertile as the fields of earth,  
 Teeming with luxuries grown from  
     wrecks,  
 With precious stones, and minerals and  
     coal,  
 And virgin soil, the detritus of time,  
 By composition mixed and ground  
 In awful mills by revolution made.  
 To make new substance for another  
     class.  
 But as our race advanced, God's wis-  
     dom shown,  
 Along our way, His will revealed became  
 Our law supreme. Each plan was  
     tried to make  
 The soil more liberal of her wonted  
     fruits,  
 And temper the asperities of the air,  
 To borrow secret forces from the caves,  
 That kept them hidden to excite the  
     search,  
 And when we found the use it would  
     apply,  
 To lighten labor and advance our race,  
 The finder was with victor's honors  
     crowned.  
 About the length of time it took on  
     earth  
 To gather crime enough to cause a  
     flood,  
 To wash away the stains of their dis-  
     grace,  
 Our men of wisdom who ruled the state,  
 Discovered that the poles of our globe  
 Were in attraction, each one opposite.

Then by decree, to which we all agreed,  
 They laid metallic bars from either pole  
 Until they should have met upon a  
 plain

Near the equator. It was a vast field,  
 A continent in size, high, elevated,  
 An excrescence vast, a volcanic pile,  
 That challenged a reason why it should  
 be so.

Shiraz has tersely said, our atmosphere

Was troubled with dissentient mighty  
 clouds,

And vagrant meteors, half satellites,  
 That wandered without orbits in the  
 air,

Feared as a scourge and armed with  
 cyclone force.

Thus when the bars were laid from  
 either pole

To where the roaring forge, by bellow-  
 ing sent,

Harsh echoes to the moon, a spire was  
 built,

With glided spear, that sounded for  
 fellowship,

In the crude chaos of the upper air.

It chanced a meteor that oft had passed  
 From either pole across our Rhea's  
 breast

Robed in dribbling clouds, that oft had  
 sent

Deluge and storm upon its slimy track,  
 Was coursing past, the influence felt  
 It settled in the grasp of vulcan's forge  
 To be conformed to purposes of skill.

'Twas years of toil and work of master  
 minds

To fit it for passage to other globes,  
 By aid of forces as yet unsubdued.

Thus when our world had reached its  
farther point.

And paused pendulous before return  
Just at the place where Saturn next  
would come,

The metal line was cut, attraction  
ceased,

And gravitation by the coma stayed,  
And freighted with stores and colonies  
of men,

The comet drifted off. And then was  
tried

Its cyclone force condemned to serve at  
will;

To lift or fall or drive its onward course.  
Thus poised, and by its matrix left  
behind,

It waited on till Saturn hailed in view,  
And as a ship, by storm cast off from  
shore

Ere yet prepared for voyaging on the  
sea,

Freighted with pilgrims whose human  
mind

Had long been roaming in the infinite,  
By inspiration led, faith became

The needle pointing by unseen power  
Where reason failed, the coming world  
it met;

And on its bosom dropped as into port.

I know the wonder that now fills your  
mind,

That staggers credence, and unsupported  
trust,

Comes limping on with drooping down-  
cast eyes,

And like a beggar asks her empty cup  
of evidence be filled.

This leads me to explain how different  
The moral status of our respective  
spheres,  
With us the words when spoken from  
the lips,  
Means absolute verity of intent.  
No fiction ornaments our realm of  
thought,  
No fancy scenes from false conception  
drawn,  
No world of dreams where the truant  
mind  
Can flee from real things and drink  
delight  
From imagery which itself creates.  
No mythology or tales of olden time  
When men, and Gods, and evil genii  
fought,  
And conquest made, and bloody victories  
won,  
Then peace declared. And monarchs sat  
in state,  
And barred their foes in adamant  
doors,  
To hold in durance of eternal pain.  
Our history gives no clue when human  
hands  
Would fain have built a tower so high  
that God  
Might see their folly, and confusion send  
To blast their plans, disperse them on  
the earth.  
No tribes or nations have been called to  
build  
A city wall, so vast, so high, so broad,  
Not men could scale, nor engines batter  
down,  
And yet within a single night, a river  
turned,

And vigorous warriors pushing through  
     the breach,  
 Surprised their monarch at a reveling  
     feast,  
 And made of all their wealth on easy  
     prey  
 No rivers down our valleys flowed  
     with food  
 To feed a gang of slaves while hewing  
     stone,  
 In unpaid labor 'neath a master's scourge  
 To build the Pyramids, to forever tell,  
 The folly of the builders who attempt  
 To made immortal what was doomed to  
     death.  
 While thus we boast our state, it in the  
     end  
 May prove but folly, when compared  
     with what  
 Must yet be demonstrate as mercy fills,  
 The great hiatus made by sin and crime.  
 All ways of men, are foolishness with  
     God.  
 When once our comet launched on  
     ocean space,  
 We learned to pass to the four worlds  
     on plane  
 With Rhea. These are peopled with our  
     race.  
 The other four are being still reserved  
 For higher destiny in God's own time.  
  
 I have no date nor a scale of time  
 By which I could explain in language  
     such  
 That you could know, the years our  
     history dates.  
 Our homes were started and forms of life  
     defined

While yet your world was swathed in  
     mist and heat,  
 And only feeble pulse moved from the  
     heart,  
 And darkness, and mystery of deeper  
     hue  
 Than darkness, ever was, the eyes  
     confused  
 Of lookers on, and ignorance exclaimed,  
 'Twas chaos and confusion smothering  
     out  
 In dismal void a shattered wreck of  
     plans,  
 Abandoned by the architect to chance.  
 While o'er that fertile mass a spirit  
     broods,  
 Penetrating to every atom there,  
 Infinite in wisdom, holding formed,  
 In the dim space between matter and  
     mind  
 A picture and a plan, defined in full,  
 Grand and glorious beyond the power  
     to praise,  
 That when wrought out and evolved in  
     time,  
 The proudest reach of mind exalts  
     itself  
 In comprehending what was plain to  
     view.  
 Our Cosmos was more sparse of life than  
     yours,  
 Because life itself had no appointed end.  
 Death with his trident and his spear of  
     fate,  
 With horrid frowns of insolence and  
     power  
 Such gloomy rounding does his presence  
     breed  
 That e'en his smile, so ghastly does  
     appear,



The soul with horror shudders at the  
 sight,  
 Had not a place for it in all the plan.  
 But life was to be perpetual life,  
 Only when the forces and the elements  
 Of organism by which it lived and grew  
 Might be exhausted, or the growth,  
 Had reached the boundary of its scale,  
 When a transition to another sphere,  
 Re-opened life without the sting of  
 death.

There was no chaos of exuberant  
 thought  
 Permeating matter with its nascent law.  
 Each growth and era of created things  
 Come on without need, its parents die,  
 To furnish food for a succeeding age.  
 There has been no wars to exteminate  
 A noxious race, whose very life ordained  
 death,

An evil necessary to accomplish good.  
 What once we learn is over after  
 known,  
 What e'er we make it cannot be dis-  
 troyed.

The monuments we build forever stand,  
 Living as character or the work of mind  
 Wrought into column such as  
 Homer built,  
 Or Euclid formed, of more than granite  
 strength,  
 Which ages cannot wreck, nor desert  
 dust.

Lap in dark oblivions gloomy vaults.  
 Our government, if such it may be  
 called.

Is the concreted wisdom of our race,  
 To lead the thought and labor of man-  
 kind,  
 Where it will be in harmony with laws

By revelation sent, or learning was found  
 out  
 Where God's beneficence is manifest  
 By his great works and tender care  
 for us.  
 Where love of life and hope of higher  
 bliss,  
 With reason armed is given unto man,  
 What need there be of penal laws to  
 crush  
 Rebellion, when the crime itself had  
 more  
 Of horror in its form, more terrible  
 In its attitude to man, more dread in-  
 spired,  
 Than punishment of body could inflict.  
 One law is all we have to regulate  
 Relations with each other, of all kinds.  
 "To know no self," each is his brother's  
 slave,  
 And bound in loving cords to serve  
 his will.  
 The highest joy and wishes of his soul  
 That thrill him with ecstasy supreme  
 Is when by thought, or word, or deed,  
 He can impart unto his brother mind,  
 How truthfully he is indeed his slave.  
 Our princes and our potentates in power  
 Are they who serve their fellows most of  
 all,  
 And have by labor scaled the sacred  
 heights,  
 Where wisdom dwells in zones of  
 heavenly light  
 Or grope in darkness of the crude abyss  
 Where brooding spirits animate the cells  
 Of elements with embryonic life  
 Of plans illimitable of upward growth,  
 And by the breath of intellectual force,

And light from reason's lamp and skill  
disclosed,  
The latent plan springs into life, and  
claims

Its seeker and discoverer as its God.  
Thus do we grow, each day a school of  
mind

To reach a station on a higher plane.  
And muscle with her cunning finger  
trained

Builds up the pyramids where her teacher  
stands

On tiptoe, reaching for the light above.  
Our books of which you see a sample  
here

Are rank in series as the witness leaves  
That marshall on the forest boughs to  
tell

With quivering life that spring has  
come again.

A record have we, of this earth of yours,  
From the beginning, when the word of  
God

Became the medium whereby the  
thought—

The essence of intelligence and life—  
became

Materialized in deft forms unseen,  
And yet appreciable as on the side  
Of matter 'cross the boundary line  
between.

Thus on the history goes as Moses saw,  
And briefly has transcribed in awful  
words

So vast in meaning and in import grand  
So that the lens of faith might be  
required

To reach the thought, and separate in  
stars

What first a nebulae to view appears.

Since first we learned the art and power  
to make.

A meteor star, no orbit of its own,  
Three others we have formed; one for  
each world,

And for a haven when at rest they each  
Are moored in the indentures of the  
cone

About which turns the revolving orb.  
While thus at anchor rest, with smould-  
ering fires

How they recuperate their might and  
power

From central force, Seismography ex-  
plains.

And in the ages, when such times occur  
As councils deem it profitable and wise  
Some of our princes and their volunteers  
Who wish to seek and learn of other  
worlds;

Will take a comet from its mother's arms  
With chamber strong and bulging out  
with force,

Such as the vicious cyclone wields in  
flight,

But now subdued and held by master's  
skill,

And made submissive as a courser  
trained.

For such a voyage we long prepare,  
Arranging light and warmth, and at-  
mosphere

And soil for products, such as comforts  
give,

And minister to pleasures that have no  
sting.

With instruments of every kind pre-  
pared

To deal with light, and its kindred forms  
Of matter how 'er refined, intangible

Or combined with grosser things im-  
 pact.  
 To measure distance, or direct our  
 course,  
 Or test contending currents in the waves  
 Of that one sea, which has no shores, no  
 zones,  
 No firmament above, no oozy base  
 Where plummet line though 't were a  
 ray of light  
 Shot from the lightning's bow, with ner-  
 vous speed  
 It flew, past ages marked, as the swift  
 train  
 Shoots by the poles that prop the swing-  
 ing wire,  
 Yet finds no limit to its depth below.  
 Ere we had ventured on this our voy-  
 age last  
 While making preparation for the start,  
 My brother Rapheal, with trained craft  
 of men  
 Built us the temple, which you see, and  
 there  
 In holy place, inspired, he wrote the  
 name  
 Of God, that glows with hallowed sight,  
 the seal  
 That we are never lost, and have a guide  
 Where wisdom, such as ours, stands at  
 fault.  
 Then gathered we our books, much need-  
 ed friends,  
 To solace absence, in our long career,  
 With scenes and pictures of our distant  
 homes,  
 And souvenirs gilt o'er with smiles and  
 tears,  
 With prayers and blessings for our safe  
 return,

And kisses sweet, whose memory like  
     the lamp  
 That burns in window of the hermit's  
     cell,  
 Make giddy brightness of the grim  
     within  
 And half redeems the outer world from  
 gloom.  
 We parted from our friends and took  
     our home  
 Upon this wandering meteor, which has  
     no place  
 Among the stars—no orbit of its own,  
 No race, no class, no system of fixed  
     laws—  
 A pariah among the worlds in space,  
 A Gypsy denizen, in a state where laws  
 All else control; and yet coerced by  
     man,  
 Is fraught with purpose and aimed by  
     design  
 To reach with sympathy such intelligen-  
     cies  
 As God has planted in created worlds.  
 The area of its plains that pamper life;  
 Its verdure, climate, with its hills and  
     streams,  
 Are something like the queen of the  
     Antilles  
 That holds the bay between two con-  
     tinent,  
 Where thermal waters flow as from a  
     fount  
 In channels broader than the Amazon,  
 With steady currents 'cross the ocean's  
     waste,  
 To warm the frigid climes with tropic  
     air,  
 And builds earth's capitol on northern  
     isles.

Redeemed by it from winter's reign of  
ice.

We have no law to organize our crew;  
No autocrat with sovereign power o'er  
all,

Each takes the part best fitted to his  
skill,

The only punishment is when denied  
Of doing service to his fellow craft.

When all were safely on and farewells  
said,

And Jeeters in his castle, and around  
Were engines, formed for tremendous  
power,

With all appliances for controlling force,  
However subtile or refined in shape,  
Or gross as avalanche from mountain  
hurled.

Then by contrivance he cut the cord  
That by attraction bound it to the  
world

And turned the force to driving us apart.  
We upward rose and caught the flaming  
ray

From central sun, that through our at-  
mosphere,

Already light, sent double light afar  
Across the field beyond to point our  
way.

As our old home upon its axis rolled,  
A thousand cities on its teeming plains  
Shone bright with torches from electric  
towers.

The hills were sparkling o'er with bon-  
fires' blaze,

And mountain top were gilded with the  
glow

Of signal torch to answer back our sign.  
And as it rolled the islands shouted  
cheer,

And weary ships, long absent from their  
     homes,  
 Out on the lonesome seas, looked up and  
     cheered  
 The voyagers on the uncharted maine.  
 We answered back their words with a  
     farewell,  
 And blessed our God who thus had  
     bound our hearts  
 To brothers of our race, animate and  
     good,  
 And linked in bonds all intellectual  
     souls  
 Who trace their kindred from a common  
     source.  
 We passed hard by a moon of Saturn's  
     train,  
 Which coldly stood a silent sentinel  
 Naked of cloudy sheets, a light by night,  
 And mistress of the tides; and of weak  
     minds  
 A patron to explain the cause of things  
 And satisfy ignorance with itself.  
 Then as we neared our system's bound-  
     ary line  
 We bade a long adieu to kindred worlds.  
 Rhea, Saturn, Ion, Lida, all,

And ventured out upon eternal space.  
 Our course was north by west, for  
     searching out  
 A lost fixed star, which in times afore  
 Had glowed in heaven's imperion a  
     torch  
 That beckoned to its windows and ab-  
     sorbed  
 The wondering gaze of watchers on the  
     plains.  
 But from some cause it faded in its hue;



Then with a thin and sickly glare of  
 light,  
 Dubious and flickering on the skies  
 around,  
 It died from out the firmament of stars.

Time, speed and space, the only factors  
 known  
 In our swift flight, we had no means to  
 note,  
 Or by comparing show to minds, kin to  
 Terrestrial things; the distance we had  
 gone,  
 When on our lee appeared a scene so  
 grand,  
 So awful, yet benign, that fear and joy  
 Alike appalled, each failed to utter  
 speech.

It was no luminary emitting light,  
 Nor yet an orb reflecting borrowed rays;  
 And yet a halo—an ethereal glow  
 Was shed around, an atmosphere of  
 soul,  
 Appreciable only to the mind.  
 A pavilion grand; it seemed to rise  
 To heights illimitable and extent the  
 same.

A curtain with the colors of the bow,  
 Subdued and luscious, shed ecstatic  
 light  
 As though from glorious wonders held  
 within.

One glimpse inside, where parted folds  
 scarce met,  
 O'erwhelmed the soul with conscious-  
 ness of its  
 Unfitness to behold it more, then back  
 It shrunk in bashfulness, and craved a  
 cell

As better suited to its low estate.

Then on we passed it, as a vision bright,  
 Perhaps no dream it was, for it may be  
 That life's the dream, and what we saw  
 might be

A mansion in our father's house pre-  
 pared,

Where real life begins and has no end.

We next passed by what seemed a field  
 of stars

Whose cheerful light was blent in azure  
 space

Linked in existence; by gregarious law  
 They held sweet concert in the circling  
 dance

And joyed in being from other worlds  
 apart.

Then out upon a horrid gulf we flew  
 A gloom of nothingness, a darkened  
 void

Our home far back a distant spot ap-  
 peared

With Orion and the Bear but dimly seen,  
 And e'en our instruments failed their  
 wonted skill.

Still on we speed so lonesome, filled  
 with dread,

We gathered in our temple oft to watch  
 The name that glowed supernal, with a  
 light

To manifest the presence of our God  
 As we hung round the blessed ray we  
 felt,

As travelers lost in some vast stretch of  
 woods

In wintry night, and crouching by the  
 blaze,

They shivering pray for dawning of the  
 morn.

Still on we drove, till weariness became  
 The languor of a convict in his cell

When days are lost and senses fail to  
     think.  
 Then from our watcher in the tower we  
     heard  
 A shout to look ahead. There was a  
     light  
 From smouldering fire that seemed al-  
     most extinct;  
 A waste of matter from exhausted heat.  
 A sun had failed in elements of life  
 And dieing had withdrawn from planets  
     round  
 The force and essence that existence  
     takes  
 We checked our way to feel our  
     course along.  
 This dismal circle where even matter  
     died,  
 For fear of debris, floating in abyss.  
 When by the coma light of our star,  
 Upon our right we saw a silent world  
 As large as earth, in sullen darkness  
     swathed.  
 As tideless drift it without motion lay.  
 We turned our glasses upon the waste,  
     and saw,  
 Its oceans dry, the waters had retired.  
 Up to the chaos from whence they  
     came.  
 And like the grasping soul of avarice,  
 When death ensues its leaves treasures  
     back.  
 There in old channels of the gulf stream.  
 The crumbling bones of leviation lay,  
 Mixed with the spoils and wrecks of  
     gathered wealth  
 Which commerce felched from labor  
     and in turn  
 A prey to ocean's piracy became.

And settled down upon this horrid  
     waste,  
 There lay the hulk of once a ship of  
     war,  
 Still on its deck the implements of death,  
 And skeletons of men in rank as placed,  
 Upon that awful night when lightning  
     flashed,  
 And cast one fitful glare across the  
     deep,  
 When in a moment's time a change oc-  
     curred  
 In elements of water, and it became  
 Mephitic gas, the stifling damp of death.  
 And there that ghostly crew in tattered  
     rags,  
 And weapons yet in bony fingers  
     clutched,  
 Still kept their guard as though in  
     mockery  
 Of life betrayed to services of death.  
 Then up a rocky gorge that once had  
     been  
 A channel where a river flowed, hard by  
 An island that between the continent  
 And sea, had spread waving hills,  
     and plains,  
 Still on its slopes and heights there yet  
     remained  
 The crumbling fragments of a city vast.  
 Its towers had toppled in the desert  
     streets,  
 And ruined walls, were breaching with  
     decay;  
 Exposing there—the gathered wealth—  
     thus deft  
 Without a watcher, caring for the prize.  
 One vast theatre still contained within,  
 The waiting audience of that fatal time,  
 In pit or boxes ranged as fashion fixed,

In costly robes ; each ghastly form there  
sat  
With cheekless grins yet in place of  
smiles,  
With rings and wristlets on their bony  
hands,  
And glasses hanging over eyeless holes.  
And there upon the stage the actors yet,  
Were grouped into the parts the play  
assigned,  
And leared upon the praisers of their  
gibes  
As though concluding, death was playing  
farce.  
No light from factory window gleamed  
on streets ;  
No hum of wheels or roar of bellowing  
forge,  
No noise of whistles or of clanging bells  
Or rattling cars upon the iron rails,  
Not e'en the lonesome watch-dog's bay  
at night,  
Or distant footfall on the stony street.  
Out in the bay where once proud navies  
rode  
On sparkling waters of the morning sun,  
Was now a gulf of dusty alkali  
Where lay the mouldering ships and  
tangled mass,  
Of chains and anchors and unseemly  
things,  
A cradle of all horrors death can breed.  
There up the stream where once the  
fountains poured  
The sweet libations from the generous  
hills,  
No waters gushed not e'en enough for  
tears.  
There towns were charnel houses for  
the dead ;

While fields and farms and rolling hills  
     and plains,  
 And far off valleys wide, where once in  
     time,  
 Converging ways of gathering waters ran  
 To bathe a continent in celestial dew,  
 Was now a rugged waste, a flood of  
     dearth  
 Had made destruction more complete  
     than when  
 Noachian waters had usurped the earth.  
 We trembling turned from such destruc-  
     tive scenes,  
 Nor dared to trust the impious query  
     why?  
 Our God had taken back the joy, the life,  
 Which he in mercy had thought fit to  
     give.  
 Not long we tarried in that baleful  
     sphere,  
 Where life and matter were reverting  
     back  
 From progress to decay, from organism  
 Unto chaos, again to be imbued  
 With new designs from the creative  
     word.  
 With speed of fear, as from a dreadful  
     plague,  
 We changed our course towards this  
     healthful sun,  
 And on a cheerful wave of shimmering  
     blue,  
 We spread our banner trailing far be-  
     hind.  
 We crossed the track, where slow  
     Uranus rolls  
 Its tardy wheels upon its circling way.  
 With awe and pleasure mixed, we  
     scanned the plane.

Of Saturn with its girdles wrapped  
     around  
 A wierd contrivance, in fantastic shape  
 To magnify the skill in blending all  
 That's good and beautiful in one design.  
 With joyful speed we cleft the ether  
     waves.  
 And made inspection of each world we  
     passed,  
 To the warm precincts of this glorious  
     sun.  
 Again with anxious eye we looked on  
     earth.  
 To note what changes had been wrought  
     in years  
 By the sweet influence of a life divine,  
 Exerted on a fallen human race.  
 Though death still raged and crime not  
     yet extinct,  
 And Mammon's court had greedy wor-  
     shippers,  
 And folly with her cant and sophistries  
 Oft counterfeited reasons' voice, and ut-  
     tered doubts  
 Of a first Cause, and sneered and mocked  
     at faith,  
 Who firmly stood upon a monument  
 Built up of old with oracles from God  
 In cement fixed by reason's grasping  
     force.  
 Yet still the earth was grander and  
     more bright  
 In lamination from the forge of thought;  
 With holier atmosphere around her  
     ways  
 Than ever yet had blessed her guilty  
     hills.  
 A purifying essence had been infused  
 Through veins and channels that per-  
     vade the mass,

Of thought and impulse in the tide of  
     men,  
 As currents in the ocean change the  
     climes  
 Of contiguous shores. Its fountain was  
 From Him who taught, who loved, who  
     worked and wept,  
 About the shores of blessed Gallilee;  
 Whose sorrows were a source of joy and  
     peace;  
 Whose death a heritage of immortal  
     life,  
 By the beneficence of His life and  
     words,  
 The cruel heart is made a heart of flesh;  
 The bondsman's chain is broke, the  
     slaver's ship  
 No longer marks the seas with serpent  
     trail.  
 Liberty walks the earth in broad of day,  
 And burdens lifted from the back of  
     toil;  
 The erring are reclaimed by schools and  
     prayers;  
 The poor are God's parishioners indeed.  
 And thus, my brother, though your race  
 Has been rebellious, and still bear the  
     stain  
 Of crimes so great, forgiveness scarce  
     can reach;  
 Yet we feel honored by the love of one  
 For whom so great a savior lived and  
     died.

Then Zeno ceased; I hung my head in  
     thought  
 With thrilling joy diffused in every  
     nerve,  
 And bless the Lord that, though man-  
     kind on earth



Had tested every crime within its range,  
 Rebellion, murder and idolatry  
 And glutted malice on the Son of God;  
 Yet we were man, and man in perfect  
     mould,  
 Such as we have in Him who died for  
     us,  
 Of all created things which God has  
     made,  
 In heaven or earth, the greatest is of all.

Then Dion came; with him a youthful  
     friend,  
 Who had the glow of health upon his  
     cheek  
 And cheerful greeting in his pleasing  
     eye,  
 And named him Malthus, the historian,  
 Who most of all had knowledge of their  
     books.  
 They showed me then the treasures of  
     their house,  
 Their instruments so deft and wonder-  
     ful,  
 I could but feebly understand their use.  
 And pictures of their friends, left far  
     behind,  
 With scenes of home that waked a gen-  
     tle sigh.  
 On these I looked with austere gravity,  
 And felt as some rude savage from wes-  
     tern plains,  
 When called to visit his "great father's"  
     house.  
 They many queries made, and most to  
     know  
 Man's penchant to deceive; why it so  
     strong?  
 That he misleads himself with sophis-  
     tries,

And tricks his judgment to a false verdict.

Upon admitted facts, and laws well known,

To cheat himself out of his heritage,  
That God by will had given to his race.  
No other answer could I give but that  
Progression was the plane on which we  
moved;

And reason, author of the weapons used  
Was left without its shield to wage the  
war,

With error, vice and willful unbelief,  
Till friction of the war develops power  
In him that wins with glories of a crown.  
Then Malthus smiled as though the answer made,

Confirmed the folly, he imputed us.  
And said he next would show to me the  
books

That gave a history of this earth of ours.  
Then from a cabinet, embossed with  
gold,

He took two volumes of such wondrous  
make,

As I had never seen, and reverently  
Upon a stand them laid, then seated us  
And said, these books are from old records  
made,

The first we know not of its origin,  
It's copied from the same that Moses  
saw,

When in the mount; The Genesis of  
things.

It gives the facts, severely, but the  
facts,

Leaves out the law nor does it deign to  
give

A reason for the facts, or e'en suggest  
The purpose for which they are revealed.

But perfect each in all their forms and  
     parts  
 As were the stones hewn out in granite  
     hills  
 And left in quarries, for the architect.  
 To build a temple grand on Zion's Hill.  
 So are these facts so true and beautiful,  
 Left for the builders of the times to  
     come  
 To lay in place; material prepared,  
 A temple build so perfect in its parts,  
 That when complete intelligence de-  
     clares  
 Its author and its founder is our God.  
 The other book records the facts the  
     same,  
 As by a witness of celestial state,  
 Who looking on with deep concern to  
     know  
 The purposes of the omniscient mind,  
 In laying out a plan for a new world.  
 And in this record thus more freely  
     made,  
 He links events with hints and laws  
     revealed.  
 This latter volume is by us received,  
 As more adapted to imperfect minds  
 Than are the awful words that wait for  
     times  
 To give interpretation of their place.  
 With modest awe I begged him, let me  
     read  
 The language of the witness, what he  
     saw,  
 Or was revealed to him by light inspir-  
     ed,  
 So I might catch the words of faith and  
     trust,  
 With reason's sanction in my very soul.

## GENESIS.

“Before the act was done the actor was  
The Will to do precedes the thing, was  
done,

All laws are emanations from the mind,  
Matter which cannot think can have no  
will.

All acts must have a sequence and a  
cause;

And cause itself is not derivative,  
And holding law must be intelligence.  
The word the Logos is from mind alone  
An impress of infinite mind becomes  
The Creative power, of the one great  
cause.

And thus it was in the beginning then  
The word became the elementary parts  
That to vision seemed a chaotic mass,  
Yet every part imbued with life and law  
Of him that brooded o’er the vasty deep.  
And thus the earth was emanate from  
God.

And as the builder first in his mind has  
formed,

The plan and purpose of his edifice,  
Then gathers in promiscuous heaps the  
parts,

Essential in their place for the design  
From the cold stone that slumbers at  
the base,

To glittering minaret in morning sky.  
Then from the crude entangled mass  
around,

He models forms of beauty and of art,  
'Till genius, with inventive charms and  
grace,

Imbues the whole with joy forever there.  
Thus was the earth, from dark and  
shapeless void,

Into a globe transformed of solid frame,  
 With all around a firmament enthroned.  
 'Then Holy light—breath of the morn-  
     ing dawn—  
 Looked out from heaven its home—the  
     infant cheek  
 Of earth it kissed,—when it first im-  
     pulse felt  
 'To start revolving on its destined way.  
 Still for a time old ocean reigned su-  
     preme,  
 O'er slimy vale or stony arch below,  
 Till solid earth, with stern volcanic  
     force,  
 Burst from the cerement of the watery  
     grave,  
 And bathed its forehead in the new made  
     air.  
 'Then came the feeble forms of primal  
     life,  
 Prophetic of the grander things to come.  
 'Twas life built up on life, till instinct  
     came,  
 Presaging yet a higher gift to come.  
 Each vital force or shade of mind im-  
     pressed,  
 A special gift a new creative act  
 For no such essence matter could im-  
     part.  
 The laws of life flowed on in lines  
     distinct  
 Each unto each a parallel in course  
 Progression only in the mind divine  
 That formed in series each succeeding  
     tribe,  
 Until the ultimate result was reached  
 When the progressive attribute divine  
 Was stamped upon his last creative act.  
 Filled with a prescience of its destiny

The earth rolled on its orbit round the  
     sun,  
 And the sweet pleiades and the morning  
     star  
 With the mild queen of night and me-  
     teors all  
 Waked heaven with triumphant shouts  
     of joy  
 And this the song of ecstasy they sang  
  
 Oh, blessed orb. The latest and the  
     best  
 Of God's creative acts, born of his love  
 In justice weighed in wisdom all con-  
     ceived  
 And holy beauty drawn in every line,  
 Exhaling mercy's odor in its breath.  
 Roll on, fair world, thy precious freight  
 Is the rich gift from inexhaustive wealth,  
 Thy destiny, when the result is reached,  
 To fill the courts of heaven with minis-  
     ters,  
 To magnify the glory of our God  
 And sound the praise of Him that ever  
     lives.

Then by the process of organic life  
 The ocean's fluid secretes in pearly  
     shells,  
 And corals fair, both in hard rock con-  
     densed,  
 A solid base for future continents  
 In strata laid, meet for the workman's  
     skill,  
 Who seeks the quarry for the marble  
     shaft  
 To stand in wildering colonades around.  
 The temples raised on Zion's holy hill,  
 Or Tadmore sands, or on Ephesian  
     plain.

Still from the ocean's bed the hills  
     arose  
 With sloping sides and starving ribs  
     exposed  
 Down to the base where marshy plains  
     expand,  
     ank with exuberance of fern and palm  
 To be condensed in carbonaceous beds  
 And stored in rocky vaults, a bank, of  
     force,  
 And latent heat, that only intellect  
 In future times can know the secret  
     hid,  
 And finish out the purpose of its make.  
 Thus still the wonder grew—what the  
     design  
 When in the hills the useful ores were  
     hid.  
 The gold, the silver and the precious  
     stones,  
 The massive iron and kaolin earth,  
 With latent light in oily fountains  
     stilled,  
 Magnetic centres, matrix of the mines,  
 And force electric, a wandering will  
 Untamed and wild, and yet a slave to  
     mind,  
 When once the secret of its nature  
     known.  
 While all these things were being stored  
     away,  
 The tenants of the earth were void of  
     thought;  
 The sensual beast roamed its reedy  
     plains  
 To feed the carnivora of the caves.  
 The stalking bird trailed by the sedgy  
     pool,  
 And monsters from the dark and tran-  
     gles brake,

Swam out in shoals with the receding  
 tide ;

The seas and inlets swarmed with vis-  
 cious life,

All nature paused and waited for a  
 change.

Before its coming the prophetic power,  
 Thus fitting up a home for favored  
 heirs,

Subjected earth to a stupendous scheme.  
 The sweltering mist from tepid waters  
 hung

In miasmatic curtains round the bays  
 And marshy estuaries ; and up the slopes  
 The slimy soil but meagre substance  
 gave

To sedgy reeds and flowerless palms  
 that drew

Their growth from the dank atmos-  
 phere around.

At the dread fiat of Jehovah's will  
 The Artic reservoirs of snow and ice  
 Were piled on hills and over mountain  
 peaks,

Up to the plains where sauntering  
 clouds

From batteries masked hurled the hot  
 thunderbolt

That mocks at stony walls and iron  
 sides.

These awful mills, slow gliding to the  
 sea,

To powder crushed the rocky mass of  
 hills

And mixed with clay and slime, the  
 minerals

A compost made, which, as a covering,  
 Was spread from mountain side o'er the  
 broad plains,



An unctious soil, rich in the germs of  
life.  
The plains as gardens smiled, and grass  
and flowers,  
All o'er the pampas glowed in every  
hue—  
In every form that beauty could sug-  
gest.  
As islands in the sea, the stately  
groves,  
With silver shafts supporting leafy  
clouds,  
And luscious fruit that back to earth  
returned  
As manna fell to quench the appetite.  
Then through the generous mould pre-  
pared,  
In pebbly veins the limpid waters run,  
Till coaxed by sunshine and the tender  
air,  
It burst in sparkling rills and flowed  
With laughing comrades from the  
mother hills  
Along the cool meandering banks of  
green.  
By sunny isles, where overhanging trees  
Looked in the mirror for its graceful  
form,  
Or dallied in the pool where water-fowl  
Held merry revels without fear of harm.  
Along these plains the lowing herds of  
kine  
Roam'd purposeless; the Ukraine steed  
unbroke  
Throws high his foaming main, defies  
the earth  
And spurning beaten pathway scours  
the plain.  
Such were the scenes along Euphrate's  
shores

And by Hidekel's streams that gathered rills  
 From pure fountains in Armenian hills,  
 By Pison's channels soon extinct and dry  
 That watered once sweet Araby the blest  
 To where the Nile its yearly bounty gives  
 The taxes gathered from its tropic home  
 A luscious feast on desert tables spread.  
 Low bent the skies on this terrestrial scene,  
 And eager throngs intently looking on  
 With whispering voices each to other said.  
 "What great creative act will crown the prize?  
 What form, what mind, what race of intellect?  
 Shall heir this fair domain, this benizon  
 The richest gift from an all-giving hand.  
 The wealth of thought so richly here displayed  
 Is worthy of a seraph's tenancy,  
 But what have seraphs what have we to do  
 With treasures fashioned of material things,  
 So richly spread, so deftly hid, and yet  
 Not all concealed but left for skill to find.  
 Another soft voiced angel said, I fear—  
 Oh no, not fear, I know that wisdom is  
 Unbounded in God's mysterious works,  
 And yet I fear because I do not see,  
 That if this wondrous kingdom is bestowed  
 On some created soul with mind to grasp

The plenitude of wealth and power conferred,  
 Immortal in his make, a monarch crowned  
 With only gratitude to hold the scale,  
 Against ambition and pruerient pride,  
 That once marred heaven with rebellious war.  
 Another in reflective mood then said

“It may be so, to finite mind it seems  
 A fearful risk to animate a power,  
 So near supreme, as only subject to  
 The virtuous reign of gratitude and love,  
 But still we know, that should the creature fall,  
 Almighty wisdom and his love combined  
 Can e’en of failure make results more grand.  
 Then silence reigned and reverential awe,  
 The only Begotten, God’s creative power  
 The Word, by whom were all things made,  
 Without which nothing was—that was then made;  
 The Father thus adressed: “Let us make man  
 In our own image, after our likeness;  
 And let him have dominion at his will  
 Over the fish of the sea and over  
 The fowl of the air, over the cattle,  
 And over every creeping thing that lives.”  
 So God created man in his own image,  
 And breathed in his nostrils the breath of life.  
 A living soul assumed a house of clay.  
 He gave him deeds to his inheritance,

A royal patent sealed and stamped with  
     gráce,  
 A kingdom perfect, subject to his Lord,  
 And be the umpire of his own decrees.  
 Thus man was made, the father of a  
     race  
 Descending from his loins, to fill the  
     earth;  
 And each his imprint bears in attitude,  
 And has that living soul that ever yearns  
 To back return unto his father's house.

Where man was first conceived, what  
     chamber born,  
 What process of development and  
     growth,  
 Is not revealed, 'tis better not to know,  
 Enough is told to insure his origin;  
 The founder of his race was crowned a  
     king,  
 Divine in right, and of untainted blood.  
 'Twas near the centre of the eastern  
     lands,  
 Where earth was freshest from its mak-  
     er's hand,  
 And fitted up with fondest care as if  
 Celestial guests were soon expected  
     there.  
 The air was pure with life's elixer toned  
 And soothed by wandering winds that  
     strolled from off  
 The northern hills in search of tropic  
     climes,  
 And met the fleeing gales from torrid  
     zones,  
 Made tempered air a breathing luxury.  
 Along those consecrated vales and  
     plains  
 The vernal time had come, and trees and  
     vines

Were clothed in beauty of the odorous  
     flowers ;  
 The grass and herbs sore taxed the  
     earth for strength  
 To clothe the sterile parts with darling  
     green,  
 And envious brooks to waken new de-  
     light,  
 Drooled softest music on their pearly  
     shoals.  
 The summer shone the yellow harvest  
     time ;  
 The earth an altar smoked with incense  
     sweet,  
 When Adam came to claim his paradise.

He was a man, and nothing more than  
     man,  
 No Godlike inspiration lit his mind,  
 Not even instinct led his dubious way ;  
 Unlettered and untaught with with ta-  
     tent power  
 To be developed by a tutors care.  
 He gazed astonished on the 'wilderling  
     scene,  
 The sun the shadows and the purple  
     fruit,  
 The sky cerulean, and the chambered  
     clouds ,  
 That crowned the peaks upon the hori-  
     zon,  
 Heard song of birds, the wood thush  
     from the grove,  
 Rehearsed his scale of thrilling melodies,  
 The ring dove cooed her loving note  
     above,  
 The lazy flocks recumbent in the shade,  
 The quail repeated parodies of rhyme  
 And flickers chattered o'er the scarlet  
     fruit.

Long, long, he gazed upon the land-  
scape round,  
Inhaled the savory odor from the fruit  
And listened to the happy chime of  
birds  
And bees and babbling brooks and winds,  
Eolean tuned and rustling through the  
leaves.  
He felt the velvet carpet on the ground  
And pulled the leafy bough, and smiled  
with joy  
As back it swayed, and shadows on the  
green  
In merry gambols mocked the quivering  
branch.  
In happy luxury of new made life  
He breathed the air by inspirations  
deep  
Still looked and wondered till his unsa-  
tiate eyes  
Blinked wearily to sweet forgetfulness.  
Then gentle sleep on silent wing of  
night  
An angel from the happy courts of  
peace,  
Where no contentions are no broils or  
war,  
No flattering tongues or censor's rasp-  
ing speech  
Can mar the bliss of dwellers in that  
land,  
Came down unseen, and to her girdle  
bow  
Was hung a casket full of happy dreams,  
And in her hand she waved a feathery  
wand,  
Dripping with odor from the mists of  
Lethe.  
Then stooping down she kissed his  
drooping eyes

And sweet unconsciousness suffused his  
soul.

Oh balmy sleep the kindest minister  
That ever waited on the human race,  
In Eden's bliss, an interum of rest  
To give new appetite for hallowed joys  
And e'en in exile under banishment  
A bankrupt pauper, this blessing gives  
Exemption from his loss and forfeiture  
And clings to him in loving sympathy  
And holds her doors ajar for suffering  
souls

To give them taste of Paradise again  
The morning came, and on the golden  
bars

That rested on the orient horizen,  
In equal lines from central source of  
sight,

In royal car with heralds of the day  
Came Asaph, chief of heavenly minis-  
ters,

With his commission from creative  
power

To teach and educate the human race.  
The Angel then, as man appearing,  
stood,

And watched the sleeper on his grassy  
couch.

No drapery his perfect limbs enclosed,  
Except the joelous boughs that clust-  
ered o'er,

And of the sleeper thus soliloquized,  
"And this the charge my Maker has to  
me

Committed as a trust, with will inspired,  
As for himself to act, to train to build  
Of this organic structure breathing here  
A living monument of God's attributes.  
His wisdom first in planning out a  
scheme,

So infinite and so remote from view,  
 Only his prescience the result can know.  
 His power in equal measure demon-  
       strate

By clothing thought in maternal form  
 And bringing from ideal realms of mind  
 So great a world; and grander as a field  
 For intellect to test its wondrous skill.

And his beneficence excelling all  
 In making man and giving him control  
 Of such vast wealth, with the alternate  
       power

To make himself the nearest friend of  
       God,

Or blast with failure all his precious  
       hopes.

And last his mercy (yet to us unseen)  
 In holding in reserve a scheme of love  
 To thwart the failure by a new design.

This sleeping form of animated clay  
 Is father of a multitude to come

And hold the earth in fealty to God,  
 And its abundance use to honor him.

Or it may be, a being less than God  
 Cannot such high estate forbear,

Ambitious pride may undermine his will  
 And lead to punishment justly entailed.

Of his decendants make a scattered  
       troop

Of wandering nations—sunk in deepest  
       sin,

Till sensuous brutes, and thorns and  
       weeds

His high prerogative on earth defy.

But hush those vain suspicions; here's  
       my task,

To train these feet to walk in holy  
       ways,

These hands to lift in prayer, and altars  
       build



And skillful work perform—not menial  
 toil—  
 And make earth lovely as a psalm of  
 praise.  
 These lips and tongue to ever speak the  
 truth  
 In words that charm, as music charms  
 the soul.  
 That thoughtful brow, to keep it ever  
 pure  
 From mark of shame, whenever lifted  
 up,  
 The smiles of heaven will play upon its  
 crest,  
 As sunshine lingers on the tranquil sea.  
 Then Adam woke and saw the angel by  
 Whose face was veiled in mist of hal-  
 lowed light,  
 And closed his eyes in bashful rever-  
 ence.  
 Then by direction, on his bended knees,  
 With the first accents of his tongue he  
 thanked  
 The Author of his life, and blessings  
 craved  
 To meet the wants his body now re-  
 quired,—  
 For strength and wisdom to direct his  
 way.  
 Then Asaph led him to the flowing  
 stream,  
 Which from the fountains in enchanted  
 hills  
 In captious speed adown the channel  
 run,  
 Or loitered in the pool to sport awhile,  
 With dainty sprites the cresses and the  
 fern,  
 Then hurrying down in ripples on its  
 way.

Then stooping down, the pupil met his  
     face  
 Mirrored in the cooling draught he  
     took,  
 And Asaph said, "May his descendants  
     ne'er  
 Take draught for quenching thirst  
     unless they see  
 Reflections of themselves, approving  
     there.  
 Then up the stream and to the left they  
     turned,  
 Ascended by a slope, to where a plain  
 In gentle undulations spread afar,  
 Crowned with a generous soil that  
     would not bear  
 An evil weed or useless burr or pest,  
 Of insect life or any variance from  
 The growth that met the proper wants  
     of man.  
 The fig was reaching out its tempting  
     pulp,  
 The vine was purple with the clustered  
     cup  
 That dripped libations to the mother  
     earth;  
 The peach was blushing hind its leafy  
     fan,  
 And rudy nuts in goblets waived the  
     milk  
 That vied with wine in luxury of taste.  
 There on the ground the creeping vine  
     assayed,  
 To match the bounties of ambitious  
     trees,  
 Lay out their luxuries in strapping globes  
 Of mottled green or fragrant yellow  
     rind,  
 To quench the thirst or meet the appe-  
     tite.

Not far apart, and yet aloof from all,  
 There grew a tree with stalwart arms  
     outspread,  
 And on its boughs was tempting fruit  
     displayed,  
 That flashing in the light with Iris hues  
 Concealed the gloomy upas underneath.  
 Then Asaph said to man, of all the  
     trees  
 That in this garden grows, they mayest  
     eat  
 Except that tree forbid, with gilded  
     fruit,  
 For that is evil, because it is forbid;  
 This tests thy fealty to a righteous  
     God.

For in the same day thou eatest thereof  
 In sinful dying though shall surely die.  
 The tree that in the garden grows  
     amidst  
 Clothed in perenial verdure, its coy  
     fruit,  
 Almost concealed, it is the tree of Life.  
 Earth has no kinship to its caste  
 A transplant, it, from nurseries above—  
 All allegory of the word that lives,  
 With essence of its phototype infused.  
 The leaves are for the healing of the  
     race,  
 The fruit when eaten gives immortal  
     life.

Then Adam said my Maker and my  
     God,  
 To him alone all honors will I bear  
 Wilt thou but teach and lead me  
     in His way.  
 Then Asaph said in tender sympathy,  
 The earth is thine and all therein as far  
 As the receding horizon extends,

Thine all the flora and the beast and  
     birds,  
 And fish that swarm the deep, and hid-  
     den things  
 That restive lie beneath the earth and  
     wait  
 For intellectual skill, and cunning  
     hands,  
 To resurrect and shape them into forms  
 By art contrived or wisdom may sug-  
     gest.  
 All these are thine to seek their pur-  
     pose out,  
 And be returned with usury to him.  
 In working out thine own development,  
 In intellectual harmony with God,  
 This garden well supplied with gracious  
     gifts,  
 Suited to every want without concern;  
 Is but to give thee life sustaining  
     food  
 And leave thee free, to elevate thy soul  
 By holy prayer and diligence of mind.  
 The hidden realms of thought search  
     out,  
 So thou mayest enter and be recog-  
     dized  
 Among the ministers around his throne.  
 Train now thy hand to dress the garden  
     with  
 Some new conception of own design,  
 Eliminate or increase as thou mayst  
     see  
 Will meet the purpose of thy being,  
     here.  
 The leaves upon the tree of life are  
     near,  
 To heal thy ailments, and make thy  
     toil  
 Sweeter than indolence or passive ease.

The fruit is ever ready to secure thy  
 life,  
 And ever thou beware to evil learn  
 When once to know can never be un-  
 learned.  
 And thus the day passed on and in the  
 time  
 The pupil ate of lucious figs and drank  
 The milk of nuts and juice of pulpy  
 grape,  
 Then coming darkness ventured on her  
 way  
 And lulled the wearied pupil to his rest.

Again the ruddy morn came from the  
 east,  
 (A poem in the word of blythest  
 rhythm)  
 And with its rays Asaph returned un-  
 seen  
 To watch and wait upon his scholar's  
 course.  
 Then Adam rose performed his orisons,  
 And bathed himself in the pellucid pool,  
 And took his morning meal in thankful-  
 ness;  
 Then paused in deepest thought to  
 contemplate  
 What place in life his duties to begin.  
 Tired with the problem, he observed  
 the bees,  
 In humming song they skipped from  
 sweet to sweet,  
 Then straight they flew to where a  
 mighty brood  
 Of kindred gathered in a common hive;  
 The idle birds that seemed to spend  
 their time  
 In glee and song, had each their nest  
 and home,

Wrought in the boughs or hid in cran-  
     nies old,  
 Where love is born and memory paints  
     the scenes,  
 That brighter grow, as shadows come  
     with age.  
 "Quoth he," my subjects, these, yet from  
     them I learn  
 A lesson sweet, that has a joyful note,  
 That fills a vacant recess in my soul.  
 "Home, home," the sanctifying spot  
     where thrives  
 The holiest virtues that imbue the  
     heart,  
 And cling around its portals as the vine  
 With dewy pearls and flowery breath  
     embalm  
 The sacred air about its vestibule.  
 First will I build my home and altars  
     raise—  
 Toil without rest is slavish punishment,  
 No rest can be where no abiding place.  
 Then in his mind in dreamy substance  
     wrought  
 Arose the forms of palaces and cot,  
 Which after times has sanctified with  
     song.  
 Invention then was swift to make the  
     plans,  
 The hand was ready to perform its part,  
 Yet something else must be provided  
     for—  
 The tools required by which he might  
     coerce,  
 All other things as subject to his will.  
 With purposes maturing in his mind,  
 And grander schemes still looming up  
     beyond,  
 He wandered far in searching for a stone

With sharpened edge, for trimming off  
 the boughs.  
 Two polished flints picked from a  
 chalky bed,  
 Were smote by each to give the proper  
 shape,  
 When from the stroke a spark sprung  
 and gleamed  
 As though a spirit from confinement  
 scaped.  
 With awe he paused, was all the gifts  
 bestowed  
 Charged with a vengeful force repelling  
 him  
 In every effort made to change its form.  
 Again the blow, and from the fracture  
 leaped  
 The vivid flash, the burning supplement  
 To force evolved from motors latent  
 source.  
 He pondered long to save the hint ex-  
 pressed,  
 Stretched out his thoughts, as eyes  
 search in the dark  
 With vain misgiving of the things un-  
 known;  
 Just then his teacher 'erst unseen ap-  
 peared  
 Explained the wonder, that the instant  
 fire  
 Was nature's agent for dispensing laws,  
 And shapeing matter into new designs.  
 Then led his pupil up a rocky gorge  
 Obscured in shadows from the sunny  
 light,  
 By hazy smoke, that from a furnace  
 rose  
 In wavey circles to the upper air.  
 Then in its throat of red hot flame he  
 poured

Assorted ores with ready flux com-  
     bined ;  
 And from the base in viscid currents  
     ran  
 The molten mass into the hollow  
     molds.  
 The pupil watched, and from the clayey  
     forms  
 He took the hardened bronze in every  
     shape  
 That art could wish or usefulness de-  
     vise.  
 Thus armed with tools and by his  
     teacher led,  
 He smote the earth, the rocks and for-  
     est trees,  
 And on the fairest spot in his domain  
 In beauty rose the sacred pile of home.

In quest of treasures to adorn its walls,  
 He rambled to the margin of the river  
     wide.  
 Where grew the reed, Papyrus with its  
     leaves  
 Of fibre, tough and smooth and glossy  
     sheen ;  
 On these in folios or in frame displayed,  
 He tried his skill with pallet and the  
     brush,  
 And mirrored from his mind—whatever  
     form  
 By nature there impressed or fancy  
     wrought.  
 These labors of his hands ; divinely led,  
 A cheerful pastime were, not menial  
     toil  
 That numbs the soul in chilly darkness  
     and  
 Leaves it alone with vile and sordid  
     greed.



A grander project for his labor oped  
 To make a schedule of his property  
 Which God had given for inheritance.

He noted first the inorganic things,  
 The soil, the rocks, the coal and miner-  
 als,

The air and water, the heat and light,  
 With laws and qualities that each  
 possessed.

The solid adamant and minerals  
 That seemed eternal fixed in their  
 estate,

Were by some motion of their filmy  
 parts

Changed in organic structure to new  
 things.

A divine inflatus each atom stirred,  
 And motion gave in its own void, apart  
 From each in ranting speed it swept  
 Across the space where nothingness  
 abides,

A thousand years, may be, it took to  
 reach

A new arrangement in a crystal form.

From forms of matter to organic life  
 He next directed his research and  
 thought.

All things animate, with life imbued,  
 Were subdivided into kingdoms three,  
 According to position to the earth.

The first, the head, was downward and  
 the lips

Or roots drew substance which ascend-  
 ed

And made the growth of its posterior  
 part.

The next, were those whose form de-  
 veloped,

Lay on a horizontal plan and crawled  
 Or walked or swam or flew in the same  
 way.

The third, and monarch of them all,  
 was he

That stood erect and on his shoulders  
 bore

A temple with divinity impressed.

Then in his books with ready pen and  
 brush.

He noted all of the first class that  
 germinate,

And reproduce in species of their kind.

The mossy cryptogram and the silent  
 fern,

That fringed the uncouth rocks in  
 shady wood,

The humble daisy and blue-eyed violet,

And crested palm that spurned its  
 lowly kin,

To giant oak, a column to its roof,

Pretentious more of beauty and of  
 strength

Than Doric pile or Corinthian shaft.

And from its sinewy heart and stubborn  
 knees,

The keel of floating palaces are made

That walk the air with staff of tallest  
 pine,

And parts the edying waters with its  
 strides.

With artist skill he drew in colors true,

And named them in their order and  
 their class,

That beauteous host which Flora gave  
 the earth

To make its saddest haunts to smile  
 with joy.

From lowly clover and the daffidil.

The red bud of the wood and milk-  
     white thorn,  
 Where reveling bees are humming with  
     delight,  
 Up where the grand magnolia waves  
 Its floral offering to the dainty clouds,  
 In clusters bright as colony of stars  
 That glitter in the azure vault, below  
 Where Orian hangs his glittering belt  
     and sword.  
 The humble grass that carpeted the  
     lawn,  
 And monocotyledens of the field,  
 The flags and reeds that hung around  
     the swale,  
 And snarling cactus with the starving  
     sage,—  
 These all were named each of its kind  
     apart.  
 This pleasant task absorbed a score of  
     years,  
 If years were worth their counting unto  
     him,  
 Whose wealth of time was without  
     limit while  
 The tree of life was in his reach to  
     touch.  
 His books now grown to ponderous  
     tomes in size  
 Were ranged in seried ranks upon his  
     shelves;  
 Each stored with precious knowledge  
     learned  
 From source divine, for Asaph and his  
     corps  
 Of heavenly mentors yet led his way;  
 Directed his research, and when his  
     mind  
 Was staggered with the weight of  
     problems dark,

And danger seemed that human search  
     might take  
 Erroneous ways. A teacher near with  
     mind  
 Inspired of God, dissolved the mist and  
     left  
 A sure conviction where a doubt ap-  
     peared.  
 And through the books were sketches  
     of his tramps,  
 Adown the stream or up the mountain  
     side,  
 Or cross the lonely moor, or by the  
     shade  
 And sunny slopes of his own Eden  
     home.  
 And on the pages writ was oft a song  
 In measure sweet, when ever human  
     words  
 Could catch the inspiration of the  
     hymn,  
 That glimmered from the furnace of the  
     soul.  
 And with the measure of the words was  
     set  
 The music caught from doors ajar of  
     heaven,  
 That on the lyre steeped every sense in  
     bliss  
 That animates the choir of praise  
     above.

'Twas when a day of holy rest had  
     passed,  
 A first day morn was gleaming in the  
     east  
 That Asaph said these books are for  
     your race,  
 A legacy of wealth to educate

When thou in plentitude of years shall  
     take  
 Thy exit hence, to dwell in higher  
     courts  
 With thy compears in wisdom and in  
     grace.  
 What thou hast done is but an earnest  
     of  
 The labor yet before in making out  
 The names of creatures thou hast  
     dominion of  
 In all the earth, the air, and the vast  
     sea,  
 And naming them, thou must surely  
     know  
 Their forms, and elements, in which  
     they live;  
 Their qualities and instincts so that the  
     name  
 May indicate their character and life.  
 So let's prepare, this ordered work to  
     do;  
 Record and seal the substance of our  
     toil,  
 For if it is by inadvertance lost,  
 Five days shall pass and morning of the  
     sixth,  
 Each day a thousand years, before thy  
     sons  
 Shall cumulate again our labor here.  
 They into classes formed and orders,  
     next  
 General species and individuals, each  
 Commencing at the base where feeble  
     life  
 Almost abort, ill formed, in cell, or sack,  
 Or radiate with connecting segment  
     joined.  
 Monsters with Hyra heads, or Acepha-  
     lous

Of brainy marrow all devoid, and yet,  
 Though hideous as misconception's  
     faulty work,  
 Each contained the elementary parts  
 That formed a base for highest type of  
     life.

Then they that dwell in pearly valves  
     with gates  
 That holds the lonesome wealth to each  
     confined,

And after death the undecaying shells  
 Congeals to sturdy rafters for the globe.  
 Then the crustacean and articulate,  
 With forms unique and istinct sharp  
     defined,

And vertibrates of oviparous kind,  
 Up to the mammel tribe whose tender  
     young

Draws from the mother its support and  
     growth.

With cheerful ardour, his exultant task  
 He undertook, his domain searched to  
     name

The creatures thus committed to his  
     care.

Not e'en nutritious fruits the garden  
     bore.

In mellow ripeness and in easy reach,  
 Was half so sweet to hungry palate as  
 Was this rich treat prepared to feast  
     the mind.

With flying sail adown Euphrata's  
     stream,

He met the ocean's wave in coming  
     tides,

And of its voiceles, tenants made  
     account.

The coral, molusk, and anominae,  
 The huge cetacean and the dolphin  
     fleet,

The blear-eyed monster with his speck-  
 led team  
 Of nimble pilots hunting for his prey.  
 And his congener with Briarian arms,  
 And horny beak with eye of baleful  
 gleam,  
 That sulks in ocean caves, its victims  
 draw  
 With slimy suction to its demon coil.  
 At other times he searched out Pison's  
 vale,  
 The sweetest waters of the quaternian  
 band,  
 From wooded hills its clear, pure cur-  
 rents ran,  
 And richest verdure spread on either  
 side  
 Down to the Coromandel coast, where  
 pearls  
 Of purest azure tempt the divers toil.  
 There ranged the zebra and the wild  
 gazelle,  
 The Arabian mare and the lowing herd,  
 Whose very trail across the grassy  
 mead  
 Betokens wealth that glads the human  
 heart.  
 There Bactrian ships that glide the  
 sandy sea,  
 And hairless elephant, whose thought-  
 ful eyes  
 Looks in the windows of the human  
 soul.  
 And all that walked the earth, that  
 crawled, or flew.  
 That lived by prey or fit for sacrifice,—  
 These all were named in order of their  
 kind.  
 This pleasant toil made glad the flight  
 of time;

Days, months and years were as a  
     noonday dream,  
 In covert shade when work made rest  
     so sweet.  
 Then at his quiet home with copious  
     notes  
 And trusty sketch and memory 'stored  
     with themes,  
 And with advising teachers always near,  
 He filled his vacant books with gath-  
     ered spoils,  
 Drawn from research with analyzing  
     thought.  
 And as the treasure grew an envious  
     pile  
 A supplement to wealth he had re-  
     ceived,  
 A weighty thought oppressive to his  
     soul  
 Absorbed his reverie; and even faith  
 Could scarce fortend the cloudy doubts  
     before.  
 For whom this wealth? from whence  
     his heirs to come?  
 With patent of their parentage, worthy  
     him  
 Whose busy feet should highways make  
     o'er hills  
 And plains, through dales or by the  
     river side,  
 Or mark the sea in squares there guide  
     boards set  
 To point the wandering sailor to his  
     port.  
 No worthy object of his love and care  
 To lead and educate in all the love  
 His vigils sought or inspiration learned.  
 And yet he knew, in purpose of his  
     make



The plan was laid, development would  
     come  
 And hunger for companionship would  
     feed  
 On living bread provided by decree,  
 Asaph well knew, by fiat of his make,  
 That he was dual born, in him the  
     germ,  
 Of that new life, that was to be to him  
 The better part, a union so concrete  
 That life as circles are, would be com-  
     plete.  
 Thus Adam brooding o'er the mystic  
     theme,  
 Evoked to life the scheme of destiny,  
 And felt an incubus from his loins ab-  
     sorb  
 His healthful vigor and disposing  
     thought.  
 The teacher watched his pupil day by  
     day  
 And foiled his moody thoughts with  
     cheerful tales  
 Of tender love and gentle witcheries,  
 To sweet of bliss they taste for real  
     things  
 Cannot intoxicate like fantasies.  
 Now came the stillness over Adam's  
     soul,  
 Dark and umbrageous as the sleep of  
     death  
 And even dreams with all sensation  
     passed  
 His swollen side the angel then explored  
 And found abnormal life in a false  
     womb  
 Conceived, and yearning for estate of  
     life.  
 Then in the side of the anestheized,

With polished blade a wide incision  
made,  
Cæsarian like, and from the prison took  
A new born life, the mother of mankind.  
Then closed the wound with styptics  
bands secure,  
And left the somnolent to be restored.  
The babe thus woke to preternatural  
life  
No anguish knew, no wailing accents  
pealed,  
Nor languishment as though from  
dreaded fate  
Would back return from whence the  
spirit came.  
The food and sleep, the day, the night,  
and sun  
And air with perfume vexed from  
breathing flowers  
And holy status that environed it  
Diffused a growth and vigor in her  
frame,  
Ere many days while yet the parent  
slept  
Her tiny feet had pressed the mossy  
floor,  
And cunning fingers twisted in his hair.  
The first of all created men awoke,  
A thrill of ecstasy jarred his frame,  
And eyes uncertain, with a doubting  
film.  
With nervous clasp he felt his wasted  
side,  
And realized the vision, not of sleep.  
With joyous arms he laid her to his  
breast,  
A cherub fair but yet of human mould,  
And nought forbid him calling her his  
own.

“Thou art bone of my bone, and flesh of  
my flesh,

And ever, ever, will I cling to thee  
God’s own best gift, a counterpart of me,  
Refined and sublimated from my gross-  
er parts.

This new found bliss engaged his every  
care.

All wealth which he as monarch owned,  
All goods which he as servant held of  
God,

The lovely aeries of the sunny field,  
The flowery pampas and the sylvan  
grove,

The mount whose swollen breast con-  
cealed the ores

Of gold and silver mixed with precious  
stone,

The flocks and herds upon a thousaud  
hills

What were they all while yearning love,  
Was pining for its mate unsatisfied.

New dreams of life more glowing and  
refined

Than airy baseless visions of the night,  
When sleep has chained the monitor of  
mind

And left the fancy to invent its flight  
Now bent their iris hues across his  
sight;

In hearty prayer he thanked and  
praised his God

Who thus had blessed his lot with ful-  
est joy

And pledged to him anew. Alas, alas,  
The first of frailty is divided love.

The task of teacher he assumed with  
zeal,

’Twas pleasure sweet to hear her lisp his  
words,

To catch the glowing lustre of her eye  
 As with her dimpled hand she pointed  
 out

The radiant glory of the setting sun  
 And asked to know who set such won-  
 ders there.

Her childish talk to him were quaint  
 conceits

Brimming with poesy rich as the wine  
 O'erflowing from libations cup to earth,  
 The solemn moon she said had played  
 Bopeep.

When e'er the wandering clouds ob-  
 scured its face—

And charged the saucy stars had  
 winked at her.

To such infirmity puerile and weak  
 Does grand philosophy seek to be allied.  
 Then in a book of nomenclature made.

He wrote the words, "Her name is  
 Eve," because

Of all of human kind hereafter born  
 Of every type of high or low degree  
 In every clime in every age to come.  
 Condemned by sin and in trans-  
 gressions yoke

Or free and happy in the love God  
 Of all who bear the impress of a soul  
 Of spiritual and immortal essence made  
 She is the mother of them all.

Oh, Eden fair the Paletine of heaven,  
 The demon spirit lurking round the  
 walls

Would surely stay his entrance while  
 he hears

Innocence embodied in childish voice.  
 The tree of life still shed its healing  
 leaves,

The fruit of evil waived its charms in  
 vain  
 The school of knowledge of the good  
 went on  
 By Asaph led inspired by the Allwise.  
 The happy subject of their anxious care  
 Grew day by day in intellectual  
 And moral growth still rising up  
 To that high plane where implicit faith  
 And love to God is the supreme result.  
 'The daughter Eve had learned to know  
 the fruit,  
 And from the juicy pulp sweet nectar  
 made,  
 And served the draught in shelly cups  
 of pearl,  
 And bread fruit cakes with dripping  
 honey smeared.  
 Her daily walk was by the crystal  
 stream,  
 Where flnny schools would gather as  
 she came  
 To take a bounty from her giving  
 hands.  
 No creature was so lovely but received  
 A benefaction from her thoughtful care.

A shady spot there was with vines  
 o'erhead,  
 Where oft she sat and wrought in silky  
 floss  
 The netted girdle and becoming hood,  
 And colored bands to stay her locks  
 aside,  
 And rustic frames to border scenes of  
 art,  
 With cone or leaf and base of nut com-  
 bined.  
 While busy thus with work (or play it  
 was

That kept the restless nerve and muscle  
from

Intrusion on the attribute of mind),  
Her thoughts recurred to lessons she  
had learned,

How from chaotic void the Lord had  
made

The earth so beautiful, in wisdom great  
Beyond the power to even comprehend,  
And with munificence, bespoke to life,  
A countless myriad to enjoy its bliss,  
And over all had given them estate  
Whom last He made, in human form  
erect,

With parts and senses, to perceive and  
feel

The joy that springs from life in con-  
tact with

Material things, the air the sunshine  
The satisfying food and quenching  
drink,

And half intoxicating draughts of love,  
Not yet forbid though so intense and  
dear.

But grander yet, to us is given to  
know,

'Tis God who made us, and communion  
hold

By consanguinity of soul and mind  
With being of a higher state, and pass,  
And come through open doors to pala-  
ces

Where no preferments go beyond its  
bounds.

While thus her thoughts in holy cur-  
rents ran,

The sweet musicians of the field and  
wood

In tuneful notes their ways of life be-  
trayed,

As though in song there was a drama  
 played.  
 The woodthrush from the tangled brake  
 hard by  
 Poured soothing notes of tender lan-  
 guishing  
 Of love bestowed and love betrayed  
 again.  
 Her truant brood returned ingratitude  
 For wasted cares and left their shel-  
 tered home.  
 The dove in cooing to her callow young  
 Inveighed the cruel falcom that had  
 slain  
 Her loving mate, and left her prest with  
 woe.  
 And so each warbler, in its story song,  
 Touched tender notes still moist with  
 dewy tears,  
 That thrilled the minor chords around  
 the heart  
 Where tempered sadness seems the  
 nearest bliss.  
 The serpent now, more subtle was than  
 all,  
 The beasts of the field which the Lord  
 had made;  
 And as the woman sat, with humble  
 crawl  
 Crouched at her feet, and to her face he  
 prayed  
 With eyes, intended for beseeching air,  
 Yet keen discernment lurking in their  
 depths,  
 He thus addressed her, in his gentlest  
 tones.  
 Oh! Being fair, of all most beautiful,  
 In grace of form and goodness of thy  
 heart,

Which yearns in sympathy for thy sub-  
 ject low,  
 Thou hast not learned from Adam or  
 the seer,  
 Who curb thy knowledge to restricted  
 bounds,  
 'That pleasure, which is the salt of hap-  
 piness,  
 To thee's denied as a forbidden feast.  
 Know thou the richest draughts of bliss  
 must come  
 From evil's source now contraband to  
 thee.  
 The love, now scarce excused, thy hus-  
 band bears  
 To thee, is infelicity compared  
 To that rich fervor jealousy imparts.  
 The limpid sips you taste of its o'erflow  
 Are not like luscious drafts by passion  
 stained,  
 And turned like wine to ruby red, with  
 sparks  
 That flash intoxication through the  
 soul.  
 Shall the stale walks of wisdom hold  
 thy feet  
 In narrow lanes, while pleasure's fields  
 around  
 Are rank with fancy's flowers and fruits  
 forbid?  
 These all are art's adornments and  
 conceal  
 What gross infirmities might mar the  
 plan.  
 Knowledge the wit of Gods; they all  
 do know  
 Both good and evil, and can best decide  
 The better part, would'st thou forego  
 The thrill of joy the pang of grief pro-  
 vide,



And that sweet sadness for another's  
 woe,  
 Creation all to which thou art allied,  
 And made of common dust, we all have  
 sprung

By evolution from the selfsame life,  
 Commends thy grace and claims thy  
 sympathy.

Our blood and bone, the morrow and  
 the flesh,  
 Are warmed and animate by passion's  
 heat,

We thirst and hunger, thrive on pride  
 and lust,

Feel joy and bliss antithesis of pain  
 Without the sting that conscience spear  
 inflicts

With thy great learning, won from  
 source divine

And gift of intellect akin to God's,  
 And thou shouldst now evil learn to  
 know

Thy sway on earth would be supreme  
 indeed.

Knowest thou that God who has made  
 us all,

And granted life, by each to be enjoyed,  
 Hast laid on thee the sorest weight to  
 bear,

Forbid the pleasure which thy flesh  
 demands,

Denied the knowledge which nature  
 craves,

Is only testing thy simplicity,  
 And playing on thy want of skill to be  
 A sovereign master of a race of slaves.  
 In other Beings formed and tribes of  
 life

No contributions of obedience

On them are laid, that they should  
     service give  
 To him alone, no other lessons learn  
 Than what their teachers may to them  
     impart;  
 It is not so what God has said, "that in  
 The day that thou eatest thereof, dying  
     thou shall  
 Surely die." But thou shalt be wise as  
     Gods  
 Knowing both good and evil.  
 With indignation moved the woman  
     said  
 Advunt thou limbless monster from  
     my sight,  
 Thou art no creature which our God  
     has blessed,  
 Abortions offspring, without feet, or  
     fins,  
 Or wings, to locomote; thy very breath  
 Is poison with the bags beneath thy  
     fangs,  
 And ranker venom of of thy cold blood  
     heart  
 The spirit of a wicked fiend within  
 Blinks acid malice from thy baleful  
     eyes.  
 My very soul feels horror at thy sight.

To which the serpent unabashed replied  
 I love thy speech, thou art no suckling  
     spawned,  
 Thy scorching tongue betrays thy pas-  
     sion's heat,  
 And love of fierce encounter in thy soul.  
 Beshrew me not, till thou hast learned  
     me more,  
 But at thy board, this evening, tell thy  
     lords,

On whom thou waitest, how thou hast  
     reviled  
 With bitter imprecations, and sharp  
     speech  
 A simple worm, which dared to you ad-  
     vise.  
 And take I charge thee their rebuke,  
     and words  
 On love, forgiveness, modesty and  
     grace,  
 In resignation to thy dreamy bed.  
 Tomorrow at this hour, beneath the  
     tree  
 That bears forbidden fruit, I'll meet  
     thee there.

The serpent kept in poise his luring  
     eyes,  
 The woman's face was grand, 'twas  
     pitiful,  
 'Twas like the northern sky appears at  
     night  
 When Borean spirits flash across the  
     field  
 In crimson glow then pallid white  
     succeeds  
 Then shimmering light in nervous  
     dance expires.  
 She glanced beseeching to the vacant  
     sky  
 As though for some supporting angel  
     near,  
 Retreating then with trembling doubt-  
     ful step  
 She backward moved from the enchant-  
     ed spot  
 Till disenthralled, she fled for refuge  
     home.  
 There in a sheltered recess closed and  
     barred,

She sought to give her reason chance  
 to act  
 And indicate the drifting of her heart.  
 What strange new world is this to  
 which I've come,  
 Where fear attracts and dread enticing  
 charms,  
 That which I love, has a seductive  
 power.  
 But yesterday the word of God was  
 sweet  
 And love and loyalty the delight of life.  
 Then the unwayward paths of duty and  
 The lessons of obedience to him  
 Were sum and boundary of of my de-  
 sires.  
 What strange wierd spell has overcome  
 my life  
 Which makes me feel as though a pri-  
 soner, bound  
 In solid walls for my confinement sure,  
 And as by chance. in rambling round  
 my fort,  
 I found a door ajar, and looking out,  
 Another world I saw wherein there  
 grew  
 In rank profusion fruits forbidden here.  
 The air of liberty and passions soil  
 Produced the poppy full of opiate  
 dreams,  
 And richer vintage from the grape dis-  
 tilled.  
 On smoking altars broiled the savory  
 meat,  
 And garments rich set off the human  
 form.  
 Liberty was law and love ran riot  
 With naked cupids as her ministers;  
 There pleasures fields whose flowers ex-  
 haled

Halucinating mist, which quite obscured  
 The toil disease and death, that lay be-  
 yond.

Oh, cursed serpent had I never knew  
 By sensual sight the forbidden scenes  
 Which thou hast opened to my fleshly  
 eyes,

Then had I been at peace. Peace forev-  
 er gone.

While thus abandoned to that shameful  
 state,

With conscience chained and baser lust  
 set free,

She heard the coming step at eventide,  
 Of Adam from the labors of the day.

As was her wont she met him on his  
 way,

In hopes his cheerful mood and fond  
 caress

Would break the horrid spell enclosed  
 around.

With joy he kissed her brow of inno-  
 cense,

And said, How has my darling passed  
 the time?

I must defend from thy reproachful  
 look

For being absent long. The work this  
 day

Has been grand indeed, absorbing  
 thought.

I now bethink me, how thy ardent mind  
 Of late has thus to such perfection

grown,

And looked beyond the lessons tendered  
 thee

To that uncertain realm of consequence  
 And cause where our poor intellects are

lost,

And leads us into utter ruin unless  
 Inspired wisdom lights the dubious  
     way.

Henceforth thou must be with me,  
 A fellow-worker in the mighty plan,  
 Prescribing us our destined course in  
     life.

Already have we nomenclature made  
 Of living organisms of all their kinds  
 And marked the use to which they each  
     apply.

This day with Asaph I have spent  
     abroad;

Up in Havilah land, with rocks and ores,  
 Alloting plans and purposes for each.

These silent cliffs and gloomy rocky  
     gorge

Are speaking witnesses of God's de-  
     signs.

Yea, prophets are foretelling of the time  
 When earth shall be resplendent with  
     their use

In other forms. The solid granite and  
     the slate

Match base and roof in future temples  
     reared:

And speaking marble, whose crystals  
     shape

Themselves in forms, by coercion from  
 The artist's mind. And oh, most  
     strange of all,

We found a vein where heat and light  
     itself

Was in black armour cased; and there  
     was

The Bedium and Onyx stone and Gold—  
 And the gold of that Havilah land was  
     good—

In other providential days to come

By hands of our race, wrought out,  
     we'll see  
 The earth shall sparkle with embelish-  
     ments,  
 And works of use and art, significant  
 Of mental power developed and led out  
 By strength inherent and the teacher's  
     care.  
 To which the woman said in low, sweet  
     voice,  
 Teach me to sympathize in all thy  
     plans,  
 And bear me with thee to that pure  
     ether where  
 Malarial sickness cannot taint the soul:  
 For in truth I, do my weakness fear.  
 I feel affinity for the tribes below,  
 The fondling stark excites my sympa-  
     thy,  
 And thrilling song of the sad night-  
     ingale,  
 Meets a responsive tremor in my heart.  
 The bird thou hast named "of Para-  
     dise,"  
 Which breathes enchanted air of happi-  
     ness,  
 And flash their fairy plumage to the  
     sun,  
 Are free from all restraint and teacher's  
     care;  
 Now me a partner make in thy pur-  
     suits.  
 The man replied, To-morrow morn I  
     meet  
 With Asaph on the hill-top as the sun  
 Comes peering from concealment of the  
     night.  
 I wish to know the secret of its course,  
 The mechanism by which it moves in  
     time

Of perfect measure, each engagement  
     meet  
 According to the season. And how the  
     moon,  
 Which seems appointed watcher of the  
     night,  
 Doth vary in its coming, and often  
     skips,  
 Its wanted place, and travels by the day  
 Obscured in brighter light. And how  
     the stars,  
 In constellations twelve, each in their  
     turn  
 Are heralds of the day. When these  
     I've found,  
 I shall no more forego the pleasure of  
 Thy sweet society; this Eden home  
 Shall be the nursery of domestic bliss  
 In rearing scions to our heritage.  
 And oh! the joy I feel to contemplate  
 The bliss extatic, infinite and pure,  
 When the conclusion shall be reached,  
     that we  
 Shall be perfected, the final link  
 In that unbroken line of life, that from  
 The lowest form of animated things  
 Extends to God, and heaven and earth  
 Shall be a common ground; and sanc-  
     tified  
 By spiritual control of intellect  
 Subservient to moral rule, just as  
 The qualities of matter, are confined  
 By virtue of their being, to his law.  
 Then evil, which is departure from all  
     law,  
 A chaos of disorder, and rebellion  
 Of sensual attributes which refuse  
 Observance to the legal sway, wherein  
 Creation rests in unity of plan.



Thus as they talked they sauntered on  
     the path  
 That lay in maizy winding through the  
     grounds.  
 Then on a sheltered seat where oft  
     they'd sat  
 Their evening repast they partook with  
     thanks.  
 Then as they wandered to their shel-  
     tered home,  
 The Bulbuls notes came as a shower of  
     sound  
 And soothed their senses in its charm-  
     ing rest.  
 Then Adam kissed her brow and said  
     good night,  
 Let angels guard thee in thy hours of  
     sleep;  
 He to his couch alone for amorous love  
 Had not supplanted yet the purer love  
     he felt  
 As daughter severed from himself, and  
     yet  
 To be a chosen vessel bearing unto him  
 An offspring free from taint, or kin to  
     all  
 The animated creatures of the earth.

In realms of thought there is a border  
     land  
 Along the shores of Lethe, there the  
     sea  
 Of sleep is overhung with atmosphere  
     of dreams  
 Whose currents mix with maunderings  
     of the mind  
 While yet it lingers on the silent shore.  
 Thus Eve while on her little couch  
     alone

Would strive to hold her thoughts by  
    reason's helm ;  
The vague uncertain wind from dreamy  
    seas  
And bearing odors from some island  
    lost,  
Tinged with suspicion of forbidden  
    sweets  
Would drift hear heart from where her  
    reason held.  
Before the dawning of the coming morn  
Adam awoke, as though the time of  
    sleep  
Had rested on him lightly, and the spur  
Of his appointment urged him to the  
    hills  
To catch the lesson that absorbed his  
    thoughts.  
His partner Eve thus left to work  
    alone,  
The sum of holding life to legal bounds,  
She too awoke, (and with a stifling sob  
As though her heart would fain escape  
    the day,)  
Not as she used to rise, with happy  
    smile,  
To meet the cheery morn with glad  
    response,  
But with the faithless mind and heavy  
    heart  
Which indecision breeds before events.  
Then in the bath she washed the  
    trace of tears  
From off her cheeks, and wiped her  
    eyes,  
From the imperfect visions of the night.  
Her toilet made by braiding of her hair ;  
With strands of gems adorned her  
    shapely neck,

And silken scarf about her bosom  
     twined  
 Rich with the smell of the pomgranate  
     rind,  
 Her morning greeting to her humble  
     friends  
 Gave equal joy no pale of rank between.  
 The twittering birds that built their  
     homes in trees,  
 And coveys of the quail and pheasant  
     shy,  
 Each claimed a gentle word and boun-  
     teous feast.  
 These trifling themes arrested her em-  
     ploy  
 From the great sadness on her sunny  
     heart,  
 Which rested as the sea, by currents  
     warmed  
 Of flowing waters from the Tropic  
     gulf,  
 Yet on its warm maternal bosom lay  
 The icy berg, intruder from the north,  
 Which drifted chilly ripples to the shore  
 Of vernal isles, where the bland zephyrs  
     kissed  
 The hawthorne bloom and chased the  
     thistle's down.  
 Then with slow step she wandered on  
     apace,  
 And often paused, then started on anew;  
 She from her inmost thoughts solilo-  
     quized:  
 Would I were worthier of my mate and  
     sire  
 That I could solve the duties of my  
     state,  
 Could lay my life in line with reason's  
     chart

And lightly bear the sway of law, and  
feel

Beyond its operations is discerned,  
God's wisdom, founded in his love to us.  
These mystic themes I do not under-  
stand,

And cogitating only leads to doubt.  
I do not love to think. This violet  
Of blue cerulean around its heart,  
Can smile, and praise, and does not  
have to think.

I love the sun aside from mysteries,  
Its fervent rays make sweet the cooling  
shade,

It dies the harebell with the blue of sky,  
And ripe's the harvest with its yellow  
rays

I love the taste of fruit the smell of  
flowers,

The crystal nectar quenching to the  
thirst,

I quaff as thoughtless as those spotted  
fawns

That trail their dam into the purling  
stream,

They do not think their happy looks  
betray,

They do not have to think, they shun  
the task.

I love our God for all his precious gifts,  
I love the liberty which I enjoy,  
Of tasting with the senses his good  
things,

Of feeling that his mercy over me  
Is stronger than the biting force of law.  
The serpent said that I should meet  
him here,

Why should I fear, is not this God's  
domain?

Am I not His, has he not given to me

'This garden fair? Ah, I bethink me  
     now  
 There was a reservation in the deed  
 That we should not eat of fruit which  
     grew on  
 The tree of knowledge of good and evil.  
 If that be so, how came the serpent  
     here  
 With silver tongue belieing God's de-  
     cree?  
 Doth God permit His enemies around,  
 Spiritual in essence, to assume the form  
 Of stolid brutes, with logic too pro-  
     found,  
 For me, who am in His image made, to  
 Comprehend, or see the subterfuge.  
 I now remember Asaph oft has said,  
 There is but one creative power; He  
     made all,  
 One plan, one common substance from  
     himself  
 Transnuted into matter and to mind,  
 Is the prime source of all created  
     things.  
 If that be so, how can it be, that one  
 Intelligence in this deceptive form  
 Can be allowed to contravene His plan?  
 I have a doubt, had I not come so far  
 As to be encompassed by the spell,  
 I should return to have this doubt re-  
     moved.  
 The serpent lay encoiled; his mass of  
     flesh,  
 By influence sinister without brain,  
 Did spaak inteligibly from his tongue.  
 The air around delicious was with  
     fumes,  
 Exhilarating in their rankness from the  
     fruit

'That was always ripe upon the tree of  
sin.

"I greet thy coming mistress," thus he  
spoke,

'The gifts to thee are not misapplied;  
Thy love of knowledge well becomes  
our queen,

Whose wisdom soon will rank among  
the Gods'.

'The woman to the serpent talked and  
said:

I much suspect thy subtility and guile;  
Thou art in form symbolical of flesh,  
Without limbs or parts for use, a type  
Of that great kingdom animate on earth  
Which God hath made before our com-  
ing here.

'Tis true we all are made of common  
dust;

The food, the drink, the life-sustaining  
air,

Are common fountains which we all  
partake.

Yet my being was not evolved from  
thine;

'Thou art but organism that life begets,  
And when thy body unto dust returns,

Thy life recedes again to common air,  
While in our forms God breathed the  
breath of life

Undying as himself, and though the  
clay

It vivifies, may disintegrate,

Yet it renews by virtue of its life;

And if perchance its covering were lost  
The soul is not dissolved, to God who  
gave,

It must return and to Him give account  
For all its doings in another sphere.

The gods you challenge thus as Beings  
     wise,  
 Are transient fragments of a fleshy life  
 Subordinate to the fixed laws of earth,  
 The spawnings of illiteracy and igno-  
     rance,  
 Whose utmost stretch of power is where  
 God's mercy will not intervene, unless  
 The law of justice is first satisfied.  
 These gods of yours abide in misty  
     caves,  
 Or far off mountaintops, or sylven  
     shades,  
 Or be the princess of the outer air,  
 And foster lust in disobedient hearts  
 And work corruption in the sensual  
     mind.  
 'Tis said there is a pandemonium vast  
 Where spirits born of passions of the  
     flesh  
 Degenerate from immortal entities  
 And wed to sensual lusts of sin and  
     time,  
 Death's emmisaries that deal in craft  
 Permitted life as life's abortions are;  
 Demons they are and held apart from  
     all  
 The creatures God has blessed, that in  
     His plan  
 Extend existences to His own state.  
 We claim no kinship to these gods of  
     yours,  
 We are spiritual in origin and destiny—  
 Made by Him to crown creation's act,  
 And bring all qualities that partake of  
     mind  
 In every shade of moral attribue,  
 Or thrill emotions that stir the heart  
 From instinct up to high causality;  
 These all to bring subservient to law

And mark with wisdom all his high de-  
 signs.  
 Now, serpent, doth thou not know that  
 God  
 On the transgressor will inflict the law  
 And penal death will surely follow  
 crime?  
 The serpent said, Wherein consists the  
 crime  
 Of eating fruit that God himself hath  
 made?  
 And learning wisdom by experience,  
 Will He such pain inflict upon himself  
 As to forego the filling of His plan  
 And make a wreck of all this grand es-  
 tate?  
 Doth not the tree of life still waive its  
 fruit?  
 An antidote prepared for threatened  
 death,  
 The woman looked upon the fruit, and  
 it was fair,  
 With savory smell suggestive of the  
 taste,  
 The appetite was strong, the reason  
 weak,  
 And flesh is craven, when left to fend  
 the right,  
 While pleasure's palate raged unsatis-  
 fied.  
 She put forth her hand, and plucked and  
 ate,  
 And took thereof for her partner's use.  
 As she returned with heart already sore,  
 She met her husband, seeking her with  
 fear  
 And anguish, blanched upon his face.  
 With downcast eyes she offered him the  
 fruit  
 That had already sealed her fate, to die.



Then Adam stood appalled, conviction  
sure

Of all the consequences of the crime,  
Both to themselves and all the world to  
come,

O'erwhelmed his soul, as by an ava-  
lanche.

"Oh, partner of my life," he said, "thou  
knowest

But little of the ravage thou hast made  
Of plans divine for earth, and even  
marred

The bliss that dwells in heavenly courts  
above.

Because thou art my own, and I am  
thine

Indissolably bound for life to each,  
To take or not to take is equal death to  
me,

I eat this fruit and bide a common fate.  
But let me say from this commanding  
height

On which we stand, from which we soon  
must fall,

The wail of anguish from our ruined  
souls

Shall echo back unto caeation's dawn,  
And roll like moaning seas upon the surf

On every ear in coming race of man  
Till time's exhausted strength shall  
cease to bear

The weight of events and creation dies.  
Around the ashes of our hopes con-  
sumed

The hollow pleasure only yet remains  
Of counting up the loss, and realize

How poor and beggarly we are indeed.

'Twere folly to expect this crime con-  
doned,

The law of God and its observance  
stands

As the dividing line between the two,  
The fleshly kingdom and the spiritual;  
The one is life, with passion unrestrained  
By moral law, or obedient will.

Without discernment to select the good  
Or accountability for the bad,  
It dies by virtue of organic law.

The kingdom new for which we were  
destined

Is fleshly organism with the breath of  
life,

Inspiring it with intellect and will,  
And linked the creature with celestial  
things.

Reason and law alike declare to me,  
If our carnality predominates,  
And we rebel in loyalty to God,  
Death surely comes as attribute of flesh,  
And we are doomed to die with mortal  
tribes."

Then Eve replied: "Oh, husband, close  
the veil

And shield my sight from miseries to  
come

Upon our offspring, to death condemned  
And left in ignorance to grope without  
A teacher inspired of God to lead.

What mercy can be shown! I only plead  
The serpent's wiles, and my weak frail-  
ty as

A poor defence against this monstrous  
crime,

Lest Asaph come,—Let's seek a place  
to hide

And aprons make, for now I see and  
know

Our spiritual quality is lost  
That once enveloped as a covering,

And we are left in shame and nakedness.

While thus a self-convicted, refugees,  
And in the evening cool God's minister,  
Whose loving care had guarded them  
thus far,

Walked in the garden and not seeing  
them

Called: "Adam, where art thou?" And  
Adam said:

"I am naked found and have hid myself."

And Asaph said: "Who told thee that  
thou wast

Naked, and hast dispoiled thee of thy  
robe

Of righteousness which concealed  
Thy form of flesh, and left thee thus  
exposed?

Hast thou eaten of the forbidden fruit?"

And Adam said: "The woman thou  
gavest

To me did eat, and gave to me to eat,  
And I partook with her." The woman  
said:

"The Serpent beguiled me and I did  
eat."

Then Asaph said: "Oh, wretched pair,  
thou art

Without excuse! The ways of life and  
death

Were from necessity left to thy choice.

To hold alliance with thy creator  
And claim the living soul from Him  
received,

As an immortal essence from himself,  
Untainted by relationship of blood,  
Or lineage with the tribes of earth,  
Was birthright and prerogative of thine.

Yet in thy foolish weakness thou hast  
 chose  
 To claim base origin and leave in doubt  
 Thy parentage, and human reason  
 might  
 In future times be thus misled to say,  
 Thy intellect is but instinct ripened  
 out,  
 Thy statue from sub-perfect scale  
 evolved,  
 And thy life is mortal as the beast that  
 dies."

Then Asaph to the serpent said: "Be-  
 cause  
 Thou hast done this thing, enmity shall  
 be  
 Betwixt thee and the woman's seed,  
 and it  
 Shall bruise thy head; and thou shalt  
 bruise his heel."

Then He to the woman said: "Be-  
 cause that  
 Thou hast mocked the law, by taking  
 counsel  
 Of thy enemies, I will multiply  
 Thy woes; in travail deep shalt thou  
 bring forth  
 Thy children, and thy desire shall be to  
 Thy husband, and he shall rule over  
 thee."

The woman said, while on her bended  
 knees:

"I thank Thee for my sentence; it is  
 light  
 Compared with my transgression. I  
 will take  
 The yoke, subjective to my husband's  
 will;  
 Myself alone in pain and sorrow bear"

('children to him.' 'Till promised Shiloh  
 come  
 Of Woman's seed, and not by man  
 begot,  
 He shall redeem us. Then shall woman  
 be  
 Vindicated, and her long forbearance,  
 Her faith, and patience in her grief, and  
 the  
 Sweet charity that baffles wrong, shall  
 be  
 The mail and weapons which His sol-  
 dier's bear,  
 When thy with us shall overturn the  
 thrones  
 And kingdoms of His adversaries and  
 The whole earth shall be Immanuel's  
 land.  
 Nor shall His conquest cease, until the  
 bars  
 That held the greedy doors of the un-  
 seen,  
 Life's terror and death's secret there  
 enclosed,  
 And as those adamantine walls give way  
 There shall arise a shout of rescued  
 saints  
 That death is swallowed up in victory.  
 The woman ceased and Asaph to Adam  
 said:  
 Thou must be banished hence, the gar-  
 den trees  
 Withhold from thee their volutary fruit,  
 By sweat of brow thy food must be  
 supplied,  
 The tree of life is barred from thy ac-  
 cess,  
 For dust thou art and unto dust shalt  
 thou  
 Return again.

Then Adam said: Our sentence is but  
     just,  
 I only mourn that our iniquity  
 Should visit the unborn, and ignorance,  
 The quality of brutes, a legacy  
 Should leave; my precious books so  
     amply filled,  
 By wisdom thou hast learned me, in all  
     things  
 Thy admonitions of our duty how  
 To keep our high estate with dignity;  
 All, all is lost, our bad example here  
 Only survives to plague our progeny.  
 As moaning of a coming storm I hear  
 The roar of passion in conflicting strife  
 In cimmerian darkness, and see the  
     light  
 Of faith in God, though oft submerged  
     not yet  
 Extinguished. The sacraficial altar  
 And the epitaph shall mankind keep  
 As fragments of a will almost destroyed  
 Inspiring hope of immortality  
 And peace restored. They glow like  
     camp fires left  
 Upon the field, where routed armies lay.  
 To all my hopes and aspirations now  
 I take farewell, assume my menial task  
 Of conflict with defying thorns and  
     weeds  
 For bread, from our mother earth, who  
     has turned  
 Her face from me, I could not bear  
 This gall of disappointment and the  
     frown  
 Of indignation from offended God,  
 Were it not from this calamity is born  
 The angel mercy, sweetest of the train  
 That wait upon the pensioners God,

She with her sisters three, faith, hope  
 and love,  
 Abide with us, though we are banished  
 hence.

Then Eve with gentle resignation said  
 To Adam, who thus stood with troubled  
 brow:

Let us depart and pitch our tents  
 among

The flocks and herds outside the garden  
 walls

Ere we by murmuring should yet pro-  
 voke

A sharper sentence, I will take my place  
 A helpmate in the exile, by thy side

A slave or partner as thou elect

With no weapon armed to maintain my  
 right

Except my love, God hath endowed me  
 with

To be my shield and scimeter, it shall be  
 More potent than the fiercest arms  
 when held

By martial ranks in battle's stern array,  
 Yea, by my faith I see the coming time  
 When it shall subjugate mankind

As doth the sun by its attraction hold

By bonds invisible the wayward earth

And satisfies submission by its beams.

Then as they turned their lonesome way  
 to go,

Asaph, in pity of their shivering flesh,  
 Made coats of skins, and therewith them  
 clothed,

Then Adam said: "Oh, woman, let us  
 haste

Lest on this holy ground we yet should  
 meet

Some angel who has known us when  
 we sat

In holy livery with the sons of light,  
 And they should see us wearing this  
 Ignoble badge of shame and dying flesh  
 Which we have earned by disobedience,  
 And thus in sadness and contrition deep,  
 With yet four seraphs brightest of the  
     train  
 Hovering o'er, the exiles took their  
     way.

So deep absorbed had I become  
 In reading of the sacred tome,  
 That when I ceased, I could not tell  
 What length of time had yet befallen.  
 I looked around in vain to see  
 Some members of the company,  
 But all was vacant, lone and still,  
 And the stone temple on the hill  
 Was silent too in dusky sight  
 Of darkened day or lightened night.  
 No clouds above, and yet the sky  
 Was shimmering with some mystery,  
 A soft confusion from afar,  
 Like voices from another star.  
 But where were all the friends I've met,  
 Whose greetings lingered with me yet,  
 Had they retired to sleep from care?  
 Or were they spirits of the air?  
 Were things around me what they seem,  
 Or was my journey all a dream?  
 The books were there, my heart yet  
     thrilled  
 With wondrous lessons they instill'd,  
 And everything to eye and ear  
 As true realities appear.  
 I mounted to the platform where  
 They observations made, and there  
 The battery with a golden line  
 Was painting the home of mine,



As though a train of sympathy  
 Passed on the cable through the sea.  
 I felt the thrill the human heart  
 Will always feel when long apart  
 It back unto the borders come,  
 And catches glimpses of its home.  
 Its crimes I could but disapprove,  
 I knew its grave's unsatisfied,  
 Yet could not feel it wrong to love  
 A race for which a Saviour died.  
 I longed to clasp the brave and good  
 That cleaved to right and spurned the  
 ill.

I blessed the martyrdom of blood  
 That reconciled us to His will,  
 I longed to see the millions free  
 That had endured the chains so long ;  
 I longed to walk by Galilee,  
 And hear the sequel of the song  
 Of peace on earth, good will to men,  
 As on the plains of Bethlehem  
 The chant was heard in joyful chimes,  
 And chorus left for after times.  
 An instrument was trained hard by  
 On the same object in the sky,  
 And through the strange assorted lens  
 I looked to see what there depends.  
 I saw the place from which I'd fled  
 As from a land of woe and tears,  
 Now moving with the pressing tread  
 Of multitudes to brighter years.  
 The scheme of glory in its plan,  
 Developing since it began,  
 Was now so manifest to me  
 When its perfections I could see,  
 Where all the parts from pole to pole  
 Seemed fractions blended in the whole.  
 It grandly rolled upon its way,  
 And met appointments day by day,  
 No minute lost, no second gained.

It swung upon its course ordained  
And held absorbed in its embrace  
The only human dwelling place  
With blessings meted for the race  
Where all the good for sin derived  
By love and mercy are supplied.  
And first I saw the ocean wide  
Then mountain top with cloudy side,  
And as I peered with earnest sight,  
I seemed to catch the gleaming light  
Of cities' torches on the plain,  
Or by the margin of the main,  
Where sturdy ships and warehouse tall  
Exchange the burdens of them all.  
I had no consciousness of time,  
Of speed or space or change of clime ;  
I felt desire almost to pain  
To breathe the air of earth again,  
To live the life it lives and die  
In hope of immortality.  
Still as I stood in hope and fear,  
I seemed to feel 'earth's atmosphere ;  
I pressed the sod, I felt the dew,  
I looked around and then I knew  
This was the hill from which I fled.  
The stars were shining overhead ;  
Far in the north with banners high  
There was the comet in the sky.

J. F. H.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 010 226 270 0

